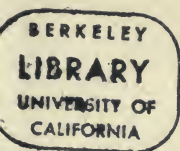


Angels' Songs from
the Golden City
of the Blessed



Edythe Morahan-de Lauzon



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**ANGELS' SONGS FROM THE GOLDEN
CITY OF THE BLESSED**

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Edythe Morahan-de Langon

**Angels' Songs from the
Golden City of the
Blessed**

**By
Edythe Morahan-de Lauzon**

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PREFACE

The Verses and Writings in this Book have been given to me by inspiration from the Spiritual World, and come instantaneously in different ways—sometimes my hand is guided rapidly in the writing—sometimes a great light seems to radiate around me and I hear strains of music and Voices, as of Angel Choirs, singing the words, which I then write down; and other times the Visions appear before me, and I hear the Voices.

I have now received the Message that the time is ripe for the sending of these Writings forth—that more will be given to me—that they are given chiefly in the form of poetry and in plain language, so that they may be easily understood—and that they will comfort the sad and lonely of earth, and turn people's thoughts from this fleeting World to the Great Life Beyond.

EDYTHE MORAHAN-DE LAUZON.

*Ste. Anne de Bellevue,
Province of Quebec, Canada.*

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CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It begins with a definition of the term "philosophy" and then proceeds to a discussion of the various branches of the subject. The author then discusses the history of philosophy, from the ancient Greeks to the modern era. He then discusses the various methods of philosophy, such as logic, metaphysics, and ethics. The chapter concludes with a discussion of the importance of philosophy in the modern world.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed discussion of the various branches of philosophy. It begins with a discussion of logic, which is the study of the principles of reasoning. It then discusses metaphysics, which is the study of the nature of reality. It then discusses ethics, which is the study of the principles of morality. The chapter concludes with a discussion of the importance of philosophy in the modern world.

The third part of the book is devoted to a detailed discussion of the various branches of philosophy. It begins with a discussion of logic, which is the study of the principles of reasoning. It then discusses metaphysics, which is the study of the nature of reality. It then discusses ethics, which is the study of the principles of morality. The chapter concludes with a discussion of the importance of philosophy in the modern world.

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ANGELS' SONGS FROM THE GOLDEN CITY OF THE BLESSED

THE ANGEL GABRIEL'S MESSAGE.

Gabriel, who walketh the Earth with the Holy Ghost, the friend and companion of God, but withal the most humble servant of the Lord Eternal, Jesus Christ, sendeth greetings, for the cries of the many sad hearts have ascended unto the Throne of God.

Rejoice! rejoice! O Children of Earth, for Jehovah—this same Jesus who was crucified amongst you, hath bid me give you Messages of peace and joy which shall endure through time and eternity, and now, by inspiration given to one of His little ones, the Spiritual World is permitted to communicate with the Children of Earth, to heal the broken-hearted, to comfort the weary, until the Day when each Soul shall be given the Summons to appear before the Great Judge.

For behold the Lord hath purposed and it shall be done. Hath He not said: "It shall come to

pass afterward that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions; and also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out My Spirit, before the Great Day of the Lord." Not to the mighty wise of Earth come the great eternal Messages, but to one of His little ones; and all who read the words herein shall be blessed, for they shall be as Everlasting Wells of Consolation to those on Earth who yearn for the true, the beautiful, and the holy.

Yea, these words shall endure for all time. Who art thou, O Child of Earth, to dispute them? Thou art but as the flower of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is faded and withered away. Be not stiff-necked. When thou goest forth in the morning, thou knowest not if thou wilt return, or whether thou shalt be summoned to the Call of Eternity! Be not haughty, for thou art but dust; thy rank and possessions count for nought—for nought didst thou bring into the World, and it is certain that thou shalt take nought with thee into the next World, save thy character—which, at this moment, thou hast power to make or mar.

Be not as those who are crafty, vile, unholy,

proud—for they pass from the Earth even as the leaves of the trees, which are so young and green in the Spring; in the Summer, beautiful; in the Autumn, rich and glorious; in the Winter, the tomb—never more to be seen again on Earth. The armies of souls march every day before Jehovah—the proud, the contemptible, the trickster, the unclean, the unbeliever, the scoffer—and are judged. In the cemeteries, in the seas, on the mountain tops, on the mother earth, lie the remains of millions—yea, millions of these. What profited it them, even if they won the World? All their lying, all their cheating, all their haughtiness, all their robbery of the widow and the fatherless, all their betraying of unfortunate souls, what availed it? The foot of the living generation doth pass over them and know them not. The foot of the humblest beggar may pass over the dust of the proudest king, and know him not! But God doth know, and remember, and punish their iniquities—for though their bodies lie in dust, yet their souls live on!

But those on Earth who remain loyal to God and His Holy Word, who have a humble, contrite heart, who believe on Jesus—these, these shall never pass away, for they are truly the bright gems in the Crown of God! They have been tried in the Furnace of Earthly Afflictions,

and when all is over, they will sing the song of Jesus, the song of happiness which shall never grow old, the song of Eternity, the song of peace, the song of the wonderful love of God, for Jehovah—Jehovah will come with outstretched arms for the Soul which trusteth on Him. No wealth—no achievement—no position doth Jehovah ask, but only a simple, trusting heart. And then He will give to that Soul a beautiful, perfect love; a beautiful, perfect body; and a beautiful, perfect home—and that Soul shall sing forever and ever of the wonderful love of God!

O Children of Earth be ye kind to one another. Help the toiler, lift up the downtrodden, lest they stand and accuse you before the Throne of God. Though evil fight against thee, yet gird thy Sword on in the name of the Lord, and thou shalt overcome evil. With the Sword of the Spirit sweep away all impurities, all drunkenness, all pride, all hypocrisy, all covetousness. Give fair wages to the toiler, and be kind to the one who worketh for thee. Of what avail to hoard up treasures, which thou canst not take with thee into Eternity, but the kind acts done during thy lifetime shall plead for thee when thou art called to Judgment. Raise up the fallen, help the poor and needy, and by thine example teach them the love of God. Then shall the mountains rejoice

and the rivers sing for joy, then shall the lion lie down with the lamb, and a little child shall lead them, and the great and wonderful Day of the Lord shall come.

Read and ponder over the words of these Writings, and the Writings to be given hereafter to the Messenger—for they are made plain, so that a wayfaring man, though a fool, should not err. Herein is wisdom. Praise ye the Lord. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you, now and forever more. Amen.

The Angel Host sendeth greetings, and thy Beloved, who departed from the Earth with faith in God, send greetings. Amen and yet Amen.



OH, THAT ALL MIGHT SEE THE VISION.

OH, that all might see the vision
Which before my spirit lies—
That all might pause and gaze awhile
Beyond the glowing skies!

By each earthly care we learn
The meaning of the Cross—
And by the Cross we learn to know
That earthly ways are dross.

There is a land of perfect peace,
Beyond life's flowing stream,
Where earthly trials shall appear
The mirage of a dream.

A land of pure and holy joy;
Where nought by sin is torn—
The gift of Christ when He arose
That resurrection morn!

Then cast the clouds of doubt away,
And see life's bright sunrise—
With God and angels 'tis ours to dwell
Beyond the glowing skies!

THOU PRINCE OF LIFE ETERNAL.

THOU Prince of Life Eternal,
How blest are they who see
Thy beauty and Thy holiness,
And Thy simplicity!

O Trinity of Power and Love—
Thou King of Heaven's Host—
Thou great Eternal Father,
And Son and Holy Ghost!

In Thee, in Thee I glory,
Thou art the World's Great Light,
Thou art my soul's true Refuge,
And in Thee I delight!

I hold Thy Cross of Love on high,
Thy Bible in my hand,
And I will sing Thy praises
Through every thirsting land!

O matchless Christ! my Saviour!
Thy glory I can see,
And Thou wilt guide my footsteps
For all Eternity.

And I will fear no earthly ill,
Nor all the Hosts of Wrong—
For Thou art always with me,
And in Thy strength I'm strong.

I know that I stand not alone,
For ever at my side
Are Thy bright Hosts of Angels—
And Thou art my blest Guide.

Light of the World! my Saviour,
Thou glorious King divine,
Shed Thy pure love o'er all mankind,
And make Life's Pathway shine!

O teach the World Thy glory,
Thy great, true holy grace,
That all may follow in Thy steps,
And see at last Thy face!

THE GOLDEN HARP.

I HEARD Life's Golden Harp,
With its liquid notes so rare,
Which shed forth sweetest music
Into this world of care.

It told of peace and glory,
It sang Love's old sweet song,
And of earth's glorious dawning,
When God will banish wrong.

And I said, "O Harp that singest,
Thou art played by an Angel's hand,
For thou tellest of glad tidings
From God's blest happy Land!"

Even as I mused there entered
Those who had lost all hope,
Who believed not Christ's great ransom—
Then the chords of the sweet Harp broke!

But one quivering chord remained,
And it played its music rare,
And said, "Though my life is broken,
Yet I'll sing to God in prayer!"

And God then heard the broken Harp,
From out this world of wrong,
And sent His Angels to the earth,
To sing Love's Great New Song.

And the world listened gladly
To God's song of joy and peace,
And the weary hearts praised Him and sang,
"Let Thy love to us ne'er cease!"

Then Love and Faith with gentle touch,
Knit the chords of the Harp so rare,
And the world was filled with singing,
"Our God does answer prayer!"

TO THE ETERNAL GOD.

How great Thou art, my Father,
Thy Kingdom hath no end;
The earth is but Thy footstool—
The heavens to Thee do bend!

Thou knowest times and seasons,
Each planet, star, and world,
All bow before Thy wisdom—
Thy word is Truth unfurled.

Thou wert before the heavens
E'er dreamed or had their birth;
Thou mad'st the mighty angels,
And those of lesser worth.

To Thee ten thousand years
Are as a day or hour;
For through eternal ages
Thou'st ever shown Thy power.

The wind and seas obey Thee,
And at Thy voice be still;
The fiery-tongued volcanoes,
And mountains do Thy will.

The fish and monsters of the deep,
And the savage beasts of prey,
The rocks, and birds, and flowers,
At Thy great voice obey.

For all Thou hast created
On sea or on the land,
Know Thou art God Eternal,
And bow at Thy command.

Yet I, an earthly being,
A poor faulty child,
May look into Thy glorious face—
For on me Thou hast smiled!

And Thou so pure and holy,
Knowest I am sinful—bad;
But yet Thou whisperest softly,
“Salvation may be had!”

Thou dost speak to me and reason,
Though I'm but earthly clay—
“Oh, come to Thy Redeemer,
I'll cast thy sins away!”

And so I come with faltering step—
With head bowed low in shame,
And say, "Lord Jesus, Thou art just—
On me doth rest the blame!

"And in this marvellous Universe,
I stand the smallest mite—
Yet I lift up mine eyes to Thee,
Thou art my God! my Light!

"I know that Thou'lt forgive my sins,
Though I've wandered many a day—
And so I humbly cry to Thee,
'Lord, be my Guide! my Stay!'"

O ROCK DIVINE.

O ROCK divine! that casts Thy shade
O'er my frail, wayward soul;
That guards me from Life's scorching rays,
Until I reach my goal.

O great, blest Rock that shields me from
The errors of Life's ways,
Thou art a Fortress, strong and firm—
Thou art the God of days!

O wondrous Rock whose healing streams
Flow out to me and mine,
And freely give Thy Holy Grace—
Redemption's love divine!

O blessed Rock! I rest in Thee,
Nor flood, nor storm can harm;
The waves of sin on Thee, great Rock,
Dissolve in mist, alarm.

O Holy Rock! I cling to Thee
From out Life's rushing tide;
And in the shelter of Thy love,
My soul will e'er abide!

GREAT KING OF LIFE.

This may be sung to the tune of "Lead, Kindly Light."

GREAT King of Life, amid earth's changing
scenes,

Be with me still,
With trust and love my spirit on Thee leans,
And seeks Thy will.
All my transgressions 'gainst Thee blot away,
That I may see Thy holy, perfect day.

Though I have wandered down life's stormy road,
Far Lord from Thee,
Yet on the Cross Thy precious blood o'erflowed,
For such as me.
No mighty works, O Saviour, do I bring,
But take my heart as my poor offering.

In sorrow's hour, when troubles round me form,
Hide not Thy face,
And in the midst of each wild, raging storm,
Show me Thy grace.
Oh, let Thy tender love to me ne'er cease,
And I shall walk through paths of shining peace.

Lord, when I leave this world's short, fleeting
breath,

Be with me still,

Then I will walk through the dark vale of death,

And fear no ill.

Secure in Thy love I will haste away,

Into the light of everlasting day.

THE BIBLE.

THERE is a Book—a Holy Book,
On which each saddened soul should look—
It gives bright life to you and me,
And a ransomed soul for Eternity.

O gracious gift from our blest Lord,
The precious Bible—His Holy Word!
As pure and fresh as the deep blue sea—
Sweet pearls of price for you and me.

The outcast wanderer need not despair,
For a loving Father forgives him there!
As wide and free as the starry sky—
Then why, poor sinners, need ye die?

O precious Book! O gift divine!
Our Lord's great mercies o'er thee shine;
And the ransomed souls who learned from thee,
Sing "God is love!" through Eternity!

THE GUEST.

AMID the whirl of hurrying feet,
My Lord came down the busy street;
“O come!” I cried, “and sup with me—
I’ve spread a new white cloth for Thee!”

With joy the door flew open wide,
And my dear Lord stood at my side;
“I’ve come,” He said, “into thy home,
I’ve come to bless thee from My throne!

“Thy home is poor, the meal is plain,
But love within thy heart doth reign—
I care not for rich banquet halls,
But for the faithful heart which calls!”

My Lord sat down to my plain fare,
While I knelt at His feet in prayer;
Then smiled my Lord and brake the bread,
And blessed the living and the dead.

Said my Lord, " Rise, break bread with Me,
And hear some of the things to be!"
I listened to my Lord's sweet voice—
What He told made my heart rejoice.

My Lord enjoyed my simple fare,
And as He left my well-worn stair,
He said, " Some day, thou'lt sup with Me,
My guest for all eternity!"

Amid the whirl of hurrying feet,
My Lord went up the busy street—
So many of the crowds passed by,
And knew not that their Lord was nigh!

BEAUTIFUL WINGS OF PRAYER.

BEAUTIFUL wings of prayer,
Speeding up to the King!
Bringing my hopes and fears
To God as an offering!

Beautiful wings! Beautiful wings!
Beautiful wings of prayer!
My very thoughts are borne to God
On the beautiful wings of prayer!

Oh! when I speak to God,
And my soul to Him lay bare,
My words mount straight up to His throne,
On the beautiful wings of prayer!

None on earth are more richly blest,
For I have a jewel rare—
I know that I enter into God's home
On the beautiful wings of prayer!

And when I stand at Death's great gulf,
I will fear no storms there—
For my soul will peacefully mount to God
On the beautiful wings of prayer!

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

FAR down Life's sultry Highway
Flows a pure, limpid stream
Of healing love and mercy rich,
Which makes Life's ways serene.

A cool, refreshing stream which flows
For each sad, thirsting soul—
O come and drink from this blest Fount,
And it will thee console.

A sparkling stream which gushes forth
Through all Life's sin-trod ways—
Then drink, and thou wilt surely have
Christ's blessing all thy days.

This holy stream shall ever wait
For those who will partake—
'Tis given to thee without price,
And it thy thirst will slake.

For God the Father sends the stream
 Freely that all may know
That it will wash each scarlet sin,
 And make thee white as snow.

O haste and drink from God's great stream
 Which ripples on its way,
'Twill cleanse thee that thou mayest stand
 In shining robes one day.

And hear the pleading Christ who calls,
 "Of My pure Stream partake,
Make haste, each weary, sinful soul—
 Ere it will be too late!"

Thus the great stream flows gently on
 From Heaven's courts above,
And sparklingly it glides from all
 The fountains of God's love.

And brightens every weary path
 On Life's great Highway broad,
And healingly it guides each soul
 To be at last with God.

Flow on, sweet stream, and e'er dispense
 The wonders of God's grace,
Until the day when we shall see
 Our Saviour face to face!

BEYOND THE HILLS OF STARS.

METHOUGHT I saw an angel fair,
Who, in a gentle voice,
Said, "Come with me, O trusting heart,
And thou shalt e'er rejoice!

"O climb the hills of stars with me,
Haste from earth's cares away—
Beyond the stars lies Beulah land,
The sunrise of life's day!"

The angel then played on a harp,
Of love that cannot die,
And wafted to me was the song,
Down through the peaceful sky.

"Stars are shining, God is calling,
Bidding thee no more roam,
Why should thy soul be earthly bound,
When God is calling thee home?"

So together we climbed the hills
Of beautiful shining stars,
And I left behind the weariness
Of my spirit's earthly bars.

Angels made haste to greet us,
While this song filled the air,
As we entered into Beulah land,
The home of love and prayer.

"Stars are shining, God is calling,
Bidding thee no more roam,
The arms of God are open wide—
Waiting to welcome thee home!"

WHEN MY BOAT COMES HOME.

I STAND on Life's shore and look out
Over the great sunlit sea,
And wait for my Boat of Happiness
To come sailing home to me.

Though it may be slow in coming,
It will surely arrive one day,
For the Angels of God are guiding it,
That it will not go astray,

Somewhere on the Ocean of Life,
My Boat is sailing towards me,
And nought can stop it from coming
On the Waves of Destiny.

No one can take my Boat from me—
None on the earth so broad;
For it was sent out from Heaven—
Launched by the hand of God!

When at last my Boat comes sailing
O'er the Ocean tide to me,
I shall enter into it and steer
On the Waves of Destiny.

Should the waves prove too rough for me,
And dangers around me form,
I will fear not—for this I know,
There's a Port for every storm.

There's a golden Port of love from God,
I can steer my Boat into;
And rest until the storms are o'er,
For the Anchor of Faith is true.

So I'm waiting on the sunlit shore,
Till my Boat comes sailing to me—
For it has been launched by the hand of God
On the Waves of Destiny!

THE LOOM.

A MYSTICAL scarlet thread is life,
In the great loom of earthly strife—
Some threads are tangled, knotted, frayed;
Others are straight and firmly laid.

We are the weavers, the world the loom,
We weave from birth unto the tomb—
Each one must weave throughout joy or woe,
Each one must reap, each one must sow.

The Master Weaver has made with care
A web where all must have a share;
The great design may seem broken, strange—
But He will every part arrange.

Some of the threads are dull with despair,
Others glint with the song of prayer;
But sad are the threads of evil hearts—
For the Master in sorrow from them departs.

Weavers are all the children of earth,
The sinners and the saints of worth—
Kings weave with beggars, each has a place—
Rank counts not with the Lord of Grace.

The shuttle moves on through time and strife,
Up and down the pattern of life;
When all is finished, the loom's course run,
Shall the Master Weaver say, "Well done!"

THE BIRCH TREE.

A BIRCH tree grew in a forest vast,
Where the pines and the poplars be;
And it proudly said as it looked around,
“There are none to compare with me!

“I stand upright and firm,
My white robe of bark shall ne’er decay,
I will remain, while all the flowers
Shall fade and droop away!”

Close by the birch tree there grew
A small, timid violet fair,
And with it a fern, whose fronded leaves
Were traced with a witchery rare.

A storm arose from the mountain,
And swept o’er the forest vast;
And the lightning smote the birch tree,
Till it lay a thing of the past.

Shorn of its pure white garment it fell,
A giant laid low in the dust;
And the violet and fern sadly said,
“In its strength the birch put its trust!”

The sun came out and glistened
On each tree and flower in the forest vast;
And an Angel came through the woods,
When the strength of the storm was past.

The Angel looked on the stricken tree,
And said to the violet and fern left there,
“Behold, the weak, gentle things of earth,
The kind hand of God will always spare.

“But the haughty and proud of earth
Shall be laid low as the great birch tree—
While the meek and lowly who trust God,
Shall live for eternity!”

THE ANGEL GABRIEL MARVELS AT
MANKIND'S INDIFFERENCE.

I HAVE stood on the mountain top,
I have stood on the raging sea—
And marvelled that Man seldom thought
Of God and Eternity!

I have stood in the cities vast,
I have stood in the nations of earth—
And marvelled that seldom a thought
Man gives to Life's New Birth!

I have stood in the factories' whirl,
Where Women and Children slave—
And marvelled that Man seldom thought
Of Judgment beyond the Grave!

I have stood where the Toiler works,
Works and starves on a piteous wage—
And marvelled that Man seldom thought
Of God and His righteous rage!

I have stood in the midst of pleasures,
Gained by sweat and blood of the Poor—
And marvelled that Man seldom thought
Of God's punishment, swift and sure!

I have stood in the deep haunts of sin,
Where Woman to Man is a slave—
And marvelled that Man seldom thought
Of God's anger beyond the Grave!

I have stood where Liquor is quaffed,
Midst laughter and boisterous din—
And marvelled that Man seldom thought
Of punishment for his sin!

But—I've stood where the cannon roar,
Where the mangled and dying be—
And then I found—'twas in pain
Man thought of Eternity!

I have stood in the trenches and plains,
I have stood on "No Man's Land"—
And then I found—in affliction
Man prayed for the Guiding Hand!

I have stood where the battleships
Went down in the raging sea—
And then I found—in peril
Man thought of Eternity!

I have stood in the homes of sorrow,
Made empty by War's grasping hand—
And then I found—'twas with longing
Man thought of the Better Land!

And I've stood where faithful hearts
Raised to God on high their prayer—
Then I rejoiced with thanksgiving—
They would see God's City fair!

PERFECT LOVE.

PERFECT love! Perfect love!
Love from on high,
Love which brightens every path,
Shining from the sky.

Perfect love to mortals given
From our God above,
Vast as earth, and sky, and sea
Comes His mighty love.

Love which cares for each of earth's
Sad and oppressed,
And which gently says to them,
"Come! and be blessed!"

Love which drained Life's bitter dregs
From a cup o'erflowing,
And in anguish left the earth—
While love bestowing.

Love which hastens to the heart
With sorrow bowed down,
And which gently lifts each head,
And points to the Crown.

Perfect love! Perfect love!
- The love from God divine,
Which shines down on every soul,
And brighter grows with time!

THE ARMIES OF LIFE.

OH! there is an Army which marches on,
And its Banner of Faith unfurls—
Which marches on to the Great Beyond,
While the Forces of Evil it hurls!

The Army is calling for New Recruits
To march to the Heavens above—
For many are summoned to leave the Ranks,
And dwell with the God of Love.

Two Armies are marching side by side,
On the road to Eternity;
One passes to God and His great Reward—
One shut from the King will be.

Both Armies are marching with all their might,
They pass through each land and sea;
They enroll the souls of all on earth—
And none may a Shirker be.

For Conscription is made for one and all,
Take Sides—on which will you be?
Each soul must choose and hurry forth
On the march to Eternity.

All, all are fighting the Battle of Life,
And should help each Comrade along;
Give a lifting hand to those who despair,
And join in the Angels' song.

For Life's wondrous Army holds every soul—
'Tis God's Great Democracy—
And rich and poor, and blind and lame,
March on to Eternity.

And when "Halt!" comes to each Soldier there,
As the Armies go marching along—
Thou must "Stand at Attention" to God, the
King—
From the Ranks of Right or Wrong.

And if thou hast marched and done thy best,
However humble and scorned thou didst be,
The King shall "Salute" and give the Prize—
The gift of Eternity!

But if thou hast marched on the Other Side,
Where Evil reigns, and is rife;
And tempted souls from the Bright Highway—
Thou'lt be cast from the King of Life!

And God's Great Army shall still march on,
Till the earth shall pass with the sea—
Make haste and be on the Saviour's Side,
And rejoice through Eternity!

For countless souls who lived on earth,
Have marched through the Golden Gates,
And to those who march with Banner unfurled,
The Crown of the Victor awaits!

So unfurl, unfurl God's glorious Flag,
Which floats high on the breeze—
Let His Mighty Banner blazon forth
O'er nations, land, and seas!

MY SAVIOUR, HOW I NEED THEE.

My Saviour, how I need Thee
Through all life's weary way,
Reach out Thy hand and help me,
Oh, be with me I pray!

O Saviour, stand beside me,
And guide my feet alway,
That I may love and know Thee,
And bless me lest I stray.

So much, O Christ, I need Thee,
All through the whole day long;
Send Thy bright angels round me,
That I may hear their song.

Oh, let Thy radiant Presence
Shine all around me here,
For it dispels the darkness,
And casts away my fear.

O Son of God most holy,
Who came to save each soul;
Thou lov'st the sad and lowly,
While all the ages roll.

Then bless me, O my Saviour,
Through all life's weary way;
O comfort me in sorrow,
Thy love is life's bright ray!

REMEMBER ME.

OH, hear my cry on land and sea,
"My Lord! My God! remember me!"
Though I may wander far away,
Yet still to Thee I humbly pray.

"Remember me! remember me!
Though I stray oft so far from Thee!
Remember me! remember me!
Let Thy blest arms encircle me!"

Careless I walk Life's Road so free—
Forgetful of Eternity!
But when I pause and think, I feel
That Thou'lt forgive me when I kneel.

I wander far nor find relief,
In Pleasure's midst there is but grief—
And then my longing soul looks up
To Thee who drained Life's bitter cup.

And as the dying thief did cry,
When friends all fled—but Thou wert nigh!
“I know my Saviour I’ve done wrong,
But I would to Thyself belong!”

So gaze on me with love-lit eyes—
That I may win at last the Prize!
Lord, though I know I’m sinful, weak,
But, oh, my soul for Thee does seek!

Remember me! remember me!
Though I stray oft so far from Thee!
Remember me! remember me!
Let Thy blest arms encircle me!

THE CROSS OF PEARLS.

I WANDERED o'er Life's Desert,
And sought for rest—relief,
Far from the scorching rays
Of the world's pain and grief.

And then methought I saw
A wondrous shining Cross
Of pure white lustrous pearls,
Which showed me all earth's dross.

“The Cross of Pearls,”
A sweet Voice to me said,
“Shows Jesus' tears when He wept
For all the sins of the world,
As on the Cross He bled!”

But as I looked methought
The Pearls changed to Flowers—
Violets and Lilies sweet,
Whose perfume filled Life's hours.

“The Cross of Flowers,”

The white-robed Angel said,
“Shows all the blessings given
That beauteous Easter morn,
When Christ rose from the dead!”

Then as I looked methought
The flowers changed to Stars,
Whose glitt’ring light cast down
To earth great golden bars.

And the sweet Voice sang,
“The shining Cross of Stars,
Shows Heaven’s perfect joys
Which our Redeemer gave
When He cast away Death’s bars!”

So now when sorrow chains me—
Through all its mist and blight
I see a great Cross of Pearls
Which shines far in the night.

And methinks I hear the Angel sing,
“The Cross is now the Symbol, child,
For God has risen, left the earth,
By Death is not defiled!

“The Cross of Pearls but represents
The tears which Jesus shed
For all the sins of the World,
When on the Cross He bled.

“The Cross is empty, for our God
Now reigns in Heaven above,
And gives to all who yearn for Him
His blessings and His love!”

O wondrous Cross of Pearls,
Of Jesus' love and tears,
Which ever leads our souls
Far from all earthly fears.

O Cross of Pearls which leads us,
Leads us on to God!
O Cross of Pearls which shows us
The path our Saviour trod!

FOR THE SINS OF THE WORLD.

BENEATH a sin-tossed lowering sky
Jehovah went forth to die
For all mankind!

His back bent 'neath the load
Of pain and jeer and human goad
For all mankind!

Thorns tore His saintly head,
From countless wounds He bled,
For all mankind!

His tortured frame nailed to the Cross,
With oath and scorn and earthly loss
For all mankind!

In the midst of pain ere He died,
"Forgive! They know not!" He cried
For all mankind!

O Lord, who dwellest high above—
Our God who died to show His love
For all mankind!

Teach us how to praise Thy name,
Teach us Thou art e'er the same
To all mankind!

Teach us this World is not reality,
But that there is a spirituality,
For all mankind!

Teach us to count Earth's ways but dross,
Teach us Thy sufferings on the Cross,
For all mankind!

Teach us Thy grace is ever free—
As free and pure as cloud and sea,
For all mankind!

Teach us there is a Heavenly Land,
Teach us Thy love has rent Death's band
For all mankind!

Teach us to humbly ask Thy grace,
That we may ever see Thy face,
And bless mankind!

MARY MAGDALENE.

THROUGH a mist of blinding tears
Mary gazed into the tomb—
But the sepulchre was bare,
And her soul was filled with gloom.

As she looked, she, wondering, saw
Two angels, radiant and fair—
But angels could not comfort her,
For Jesus was not there.

“Woman, why weepest thou?” they said,
“And why art thou dismayed?”
“They have taken away my Lord!” she cried,
“And I know not where He is laid!”

In a mist of blinding tears
Mary turned from the tomb—
Then a voice said, “Whom seekest thou?
Why art thou filled with gloom?”

Overcome with grief, she thought
'Twas the gardener who had spoken—
And sobbed, "Tell me where the Lord is laid,
Or my heart will be broken!"

"Mary!" She heard the sweet familiar voice
Of the risen Christ to her say—
With joy o'erwhelming she cried, "Master!"—
And Mary Magdalene found love's perfect day!

So with us, when despairingly we stand,
Weeping at the silent tomb,
The risen Christ will comfort us—
Joy will take the place of gloom.

THINE EYES, SEEING, BEHOLD NOT.

THINE eyes, seeing, behold not
That the Angel of God is near—
Thine ears, hearing, hear not
The voice of the Angel clear.

Thou hast eyes to see, but seest not
Around thee the Angels bright,
Whose shining celestial bodies
Turn darkness into light.

And when evening falls thou seest
The darkness come on apace—
But 'tis not dark, for all is radiant
With the glory of God's grace.

White-robed Angels tread each street,
Ministering day by day;
Throngs of Angels cleave the skies,
Bringing pure souls away

To the glorious home of God,
Far from earth's cares and fears,
To join the ransomed who have left
Earth's weary vale of tears.

Thine ears, hearing, are yet deaf,
They hear not the voice of God,
Nor the songs of the Angels descending
From Heaven to earth's green sod.

For behold! the Lord hath cast
A Veil o'er thine eyes and ears,
Which shall not be lifted till the day
The Angel of God appears

And summons thee to leave the earth—
Then thine ears shall hear the song,
And thine eyes shall see the Lamb of God,
And the Worlds which to Him belong!

For the Veil shall be cast aside!
The Veil shall be rent in twain!
And thou shalt enter into gladness,
Away from earth's grief and pain!

TO THE DEAR DEPARTED.

DEAR Heart, I'm lonely,
Sighing for thee,
My spirit's calling
O'er land and sea.

"Why didst thou leave me
For that Bright Shore?
I know thou seest
My longing sore!"

My heart's divided,
As land and sea,
For half stays on earth—
Half follows thee

And lingers outside
God's City grand,
Waiting patiently,
I longing stand.

But, Dear Heart, I know
The All Wise knew
That He must take thee
To His Home true,

So that I'd follow
Thee and my God,
On Love's shining wings—
Far from earth's sod.

THE DEPARTED SOUL TO THE LOVED
ONE LEFT ON EARTH.

How can I bear to leave thee
Alone in earth's troubled night,
Soul of my soul I'm calling
From God's great City bright.

How can I see thee suffer
Grief's pain on the earth below,
Soul of my soul I'm waiting—
The glories of Heaven to show.

How can I bear earth's trials
To surge around thee, dear one,
Beloved, I am ever longing
For the day when thy race is run.

How can I see thee weeping,
I'm not far away—I am here,
For I leave Heaven on shining wing
To kiss away each tear.

How can I ever behold
Memory's dull pain fill thy breast,
Soul of my soul I am happy—
For to be with God is best.

And I will never forget thee
While time and eternity last,
I'll ever remember thy kindness
To me in the days gone past.

Beloved, I'm not dead but risen!
And the days will quickly pass by,
When thou, too, wilt hear the Summons
To dwell with God on high.

And when God bids thee hasten
And leave earth's weary night,
Soul of my soul thou'lt join me
In His great City bright.

Then, hand in hand like children,
Through the Golden City we'll roam,
And bless our God who gave us
His beautiful "Home, sweet Home."

THE OLD MAN.

I AM sitting here—I am lonely,
As I bide in my old arm chair—
The World may rush on, or tarry,
But for it I do not care.

For the golden links which bound me
To earth have vanished away—
My loved ones have gone the Great Journey,
And nought but their memories stay.

I am deaf, grey-haired, and feeble,
My eyes are fast growing dim,
But I'm waiting to hear from Jesus—
Eager to be with Him!

Like the chime of a silver bell,
His Voice will sound in my ear—
And I will stand forth transfigured,
When God, my Saviour, is near!

For when He calls me to Him,
Glorified I shall be—
I will leave this wornout body,
And be young for eternity!

These dim eyes will brighten,
These dull ears will hear each sound,
This voice will sing of glory,
And grace which does abound!

My heart will glow with happiness,
To be young again once more—
And to meet my loved ones rejoicing,
On the great eternal shore!

Oh! to hear their sweet familiar voices,
And to clasp each one by the hand—
But best of all, dwell with Jesus
In His beautiful Wonder Land!

Dear Loved Ones I am lonely,
Dear Loved Ones gone before!
I am listening and ever waiting
For the Call from Heaven's shore.

Then the links of the chain will be welded,
Welded no more to part—
And I'll dwell with you forever,
Dear Loved Ones of my heart!

THE LAND O' MONY MANSIONS FAIR.

I'm longin' sair to meet you, I'm longin' sair to
greet you,

In the great peaceful land o' mony mansions
fair;

Like gold the sun is shinin', but oh for you I'm
pinin',

Just for you and the land o' mony mansions
fair.

The way here is dreary, and often I am weary,
Longin' for you and the land o' mony mansions
fair;

But when life's path I've trod, I'll be summoned
hame to God,

And meet you in the land o' mony mansions
fair.

When the smiling angels bring the message frae
the King,

That I'm wanted in the land o' mony mansions
fair,

With them I'll haste away to the hame o' perfect
day—

To the Lord in the land o' mony mansions fair.

I'm longin' sair to meet you, and longin' sair
to greet you

In the great peaceful land o' mony mansions
fair;

But I maun bide a wee, till the angels beckon
me—

Then I'll meet you in the land o' mony
mansions fair.

THE ANGELS' SONG OF A RANSOMED SOUL.

SING with joy, O Children of Earth, for a Soul
redeemed by the blood of the Lamb!

Holy! Holy! Holy! Praise the Lord God of all,
who sitteth in the Heavens, and who hath
compassion on the Children of Men.

He seeth their iniquities, their joys, their sor-
rows and He loveth those whose hearts
yearn after Him in pain or happiness.

He will save those that trust on Him and call
upon His name—yea, their trust shall
never be confounded.

He will never forsake them, but will be their
Mighty Comforter, and at the hour of
death shall come and take them in His
Everlasting Arms.

Yea, to the very humblest shall He come and
give them Life Eternal, without money
and without price, for the World and the
Heavens are His.

Praise Him ye people, for out of His great love
He was scorned and rejected of men.

Yet He hath forgiven them and all He doth ask
is a contrite heart. And He will give Life
Eternal and joy beyond compare.

Sing ye Angels, Holy! Holy! Holy! for the
Mighty One whose heart is love hath pre-
pared the Heavens for His children, with-
out money and without price!

Alleluia! Alleluia! Lord God of All! Amen.

ETERNITY.

FAR, far away is God's Celestial Home,
The Golden City of the Blest;
There 'mid scenes of splendor long ages roll,
While in peace and love soul meets soul,
And all praise God!

Far away beyond the rainbow,
Beyond the myriad shining stars—
Sing the angel voices swelling,
On the love of Christ e'er dwelling,
And praise God!

Far away there stands a Throne,
Flashing diamonds, pearls and sapphires—
Gold and jewels from all creation,
And the angels in elation
All praise God!

Far away there reigns the King,
He who rules Eternity!
Lo! His hands the nailprints bear—
And the angels bow in prayer,
And praise God!

Far away beside the Throne,
Stand the millions born on earth—
Those who ever loved God's Name,
And they bless the day they came
To praise God!

Far away from that bright Land,
Comes God's Messenger so fair,
And bids the Soul to leave the earth,
And enter into Life's New Birth,
And praise God!

Far away comes the Soul—
Leaves its wornout Robe of Clay,
For its beauteous Robe of Youth,
Shining forth with love and truth,
To praise God!

Far away in that great Land,
Dwell the souls from every clime—
For all who trust in Jesus' name,
The angels bring with glad acclaim
To praise God!

THE BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF GOD.

O COULD I climb the beautiful hills,
The beautiful hills so broad!
O could I follow the Master's steps,
And walk in the path He trod!

Those beautiful hills! Those shining hills!
The sun-crowned hills of God!
My spirit thrills as I gaze on the hills,
On the beautiful hills of God!

Far away on the top of the hills I know,
Lies the wonderful City of God,
And the jewelled gates stand open for those
Who in Jesus' steps have trod!

I see it shining, the soul's great home,
The City not builded by hands;
No price is charged to the pilgrims there,
Who come from earth's many lands.

I will climb then and strive to reach
The beautiful hills of rest—
For I know that by faith I'll mount them,
And lean on my Saviour's breast.

And when at last I climb the hills,
The beautiful hills so broad,
I will enter in and dwell in peace,
In the wonderful City of God!

THE SOUL.

My Soul is ever hampered
By this earthly house of clay;
It strains and tugs at all the bars,
And longs to haste away.

My Soul is eternal,
And is of marvellous worth—
It came at God's great summons
To this body at my birth.

My Soul is a priceless gift,
Worth more than land or sea—
For it God died upon the Cross,
To give Eternity.

My Soul is an unerring Judge,
And right or wrong does know—
For when I wander from God's path,
My Conscience tells me so.

My Soul you cannot see,
'Tis locked beneath this clay—
But it looks forth through my eyes,
And sees the world alway.

'Midst all earth's enjoyments,
My Soul does pensive sigh,
And longs to leave its house of clay,
And be with God on high.

My Soul has the knowledge
Engraven on my heart,
That this world is but tinsel,
And from it I must part.

And when I think of loved ones
Whom Death has called away,
My Soul looks up with eyes of faith,
Which clearer grow each day.

And ever mounts with Love's bright wings
Straight to the Throne on high,
And sings, "There is no barrier—
I'll meet them in the sky!

"For I'm eternal, though enchained
In these poor bonds of clay,
And when the summons comes to me,
I'll leave fair as the day.

"I trust on God's great, mighty love,
He gave His life for me—
I have the promise of His grace,
And with Him I shall be!"

Even as the birdling in the nest
Does ever yearn to fly,
My Soul looks out and always longs
For its mansion in the sky.

Thus my Soul with yearning deep,
Though it gropes as one blind,
Still it searches and longs ever
For the God of mankind.

And when the Summons comes,
My Soul will hear the Call—
And haste and leave these bonds of flesh,
To see the God of all.

Then, rememb'ring the years spent
In its earthly house of clay—
My Soul will sing the glorious song,
"My sins are washed away!"

PURE WHITE LILIES OF GOD.

PURE white lilies of God,
Sent from the heavenly land,
Bidding me think of the days
When I in white robes shall stand.

Pure white lilies ye tell me
Of the resurrection morn,
When Jesus Christ rose from the dead,
And the bonds of death were torn.

Pure white lilies on fragile stems,
Sweet innocence of earth,
Ye bid me think of eternal life,
And the soul's holy birth.

Pure white lilies ye toil not,
Neither do ye spin,
But God hath clothed you with beauty,
Which draws me from earth's sin.

Pure white lilies ye draw me
From life's corroding care;
And bid me think of the Better Land,
And the King in His mansions fair.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY Comforter! God's bright Guide,
Thou art always at my side,
Thou art mine whate'er betide!

Teach me, then, God's ways to know,
That my soul may ever grow,
Spurning earthly things below.

Looking up to Realms above,
Where our Saviour dwells in love,
Sending down Faith's heavenly Dove.

Caring nought for time or space,
Going through with eager pace,
Till my spirit sees God's face!

Gazing up with longing eyes
To the joys of Paradise,
Which are for the Holy Wise.

Holy Spirit! God's blest Guide,
Bringing me to Jesus' side,
Where I will for aye abide.

Past all earthly woes and fears,
Past the sinner's scorn and jeers,
To our God who ever hears.

Mounting, mounting to the sky,
Soaring up to Realms on high,
Never more to fear or die.

Leaving earth on gladsome wing,
Hearing white-robed angels sing,
As they bear me to the King.

"Here, O God, we bring Thine own—
One of the seed which Thou hast sown—
Which grew and thrived by grace alone!"

And the Lord shall welcome me and say,
With His gracious smile and gentle way,
As the shining angels round Him pray,

"Come, my Child! Thy work is done,
Life's toil is o'er, the Race is run!
Here is thy Robe and Crown, loved one!"

THE WAYS OF GOD ARE OFTEN
STRANGE.

THE ways of God are often strange,
And mystically kind;
He leads us gently by the hand,
For we through sin are blind.

He holds from us that which we deem,
And sometimes think is best,
But gives to us a better gift
Of peaceful, holy rest.

My soul, look up! for Christ the Lord
Shall ever be thy stay,
And He shall e'er abide with thee,
If thou wilt to Him pray.

He judges not as we would judge,
His ways are gracious, kind,
His love is broader than the sea—
None greater canst thou find.

My soul rejoice! for God is here,
The Son and Holy Ghost—
And guarding thee by night and day,
Is His angelic host.

Oh, sorrow not, but pray to Him,
He is thy stay and power—
His Holy Spirit then will come
And bless thee hour by hour!

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

“BEHOLD!” said the Wise Men, as they gazed up
on high,

“A brilliant new Star hath appeared in the sky,
And sheddeth its light on us from afar—

O beautiful Star!

“Search, search all the scrolls and documents
rare,

And see if aught new is portended there—

For it still shineth down on us from afar,

O marvellous Star!”

“Lo! we have found here an old Hebrew scroll,
Which doth speak of the Coming of God’s Great
Soul,

And the mystical Sign gleameth down from
afar—

The wonderful Star!”

Now searched they the treasures of God’s Holy
Word—

“The King shall be born in Judea,” they heard;
And they gazed up in wonder to the heavens afar

At God’s marvellous Star!

“ We will haste then and search for this wonder-
ful King,
And to Him all our choicest possessions will
bring,
For in honor of Him it doth shine from afar—
O portending Star !”

They made haste through the desert—made haste
through the land,
And with wonder the Wise Men and camels did
stand
And gaze on the Sign which led on from afar—
The blest guiding Star !

On their camels’ strong backs they pondered
God’s Word—
And their hearts filled with joy at what they
had heard,
And they looked to the sky where it gleamed
from afar—
The God-given Star !

The days passed—they reached the great city of
Zion,
Where thousands of hearts were wearily sighing !
And lo—the Star shone not from afar,
O mystical Star !

They entered the Gates—and they asked the
strange news,

“Where is He that is born the King of the Jews?
For the Lord hath given His Sign from afar—
The beautiful Star!”

They were led then to Herod, who sat in his
state,

And they gazed on his face, which bore nought
but hate—

And they thought of God's Token which came
from afar—

The glorious Star!

Then they knew that the pure Babe was not in
a Palace,

Where dwelt never love—but hate and dark
malice,

And they said, “Lo! we have come weary miles
from afar

And followed the Star!

“Oh, tell us, we're strangers, we know not the
way—

But search all your Scrolls, for your Prophets
did say

Where He would be born, who hath come from
afar

And sent us His Star!”

Now when Herod heard this, his being did quake
With fear and with terror, with murder and hate
For the One who came from afar—

And sent His Star!

The scribes and the priests searched from eve to
morn,

Till they knew that in Bethlehem of Judea
would be born

The Messiah—the Promised One from afar—

The Great Guiding Star!

Then, cunning and envy filled Herod's heart,
And he thought, "I never from my kingdom will
part!

I will destroy the Ruler who hath come from
afar—

And mock at His Star!"

But he said to the Wise Men with kind, pleasing
mien,

"Ye are highly honored above all, I ween,
And have been given the Token from afar—

The Holy Star!

"Now go and find the young Child, I pray,
So that I may homage to Him pay,

To the King who hath come from afar,

And sent His Star!

The Wise Men with joy shook the dust of the
Palace,
Wherein dwelt nought but hate and dark
malice—
And prayed, "O God, who dwellest afar,
Send us Thy Star!"

As they gazed, and prayed to God on high,
His wonderful Token appeared in the sky—
The Guiding Light from afar—
The mystical Star!

On they journeyed—till the Star stood over a
place
Where dwelt nought that was unholy or base,
And the Token which came from afar
Stood still—the glorious Star!

They entered and fell at the feet of the Child,
Who came to the humble, the pure, and the mild!
And they blessed God's Symbol from afar—
His beautiful Star!

With joy they gave their rich gifts to the Child,
While the Babe looked on them and wistfully
smiled
As they showed Joseph and Mary the Sign from
afar—
The wonderful Star!

They returned not to Herod, for God in a dream
Had warned them, the Tyrant in his craft did
but seem
To revere the Token from afar—
The God-given Star!

O Wise Men! O Gentiles who heard God's com-
mand,
And made haste and with faith came to the land,
And followed the Great Light from afar—
God's Guiding Star!

Your faith for the heathen the Doors opened
wide,
Of Love and Redemption, and to stand by God's
side,
And remember the Symbol which came from
afar—
The beautiful Star!

THE ANGELS' SONG OF ADORATION.

JESUS! Hope of all the Realms,
Heavenly Star of earth's wide space,
Beacon Light to show God's grace,
We bow to Thee!

Thou who bore the Crown of Thorns,
Left Thy heavenly Home of Love,
Left the glorious joys above,
We bow to Thee!

Thou who scorned not earth's afflicted,
But gave them priceless love abiding—
Earthly follies and pride deriding,
We bow to Thee!

O, weary souls who seek for light,
Look up! the heavens are beaming bright
With promises dispelling night,
For God is here!

TURN NOT THY FACE.

TURN not Thy face—turn not Thy face,
Turn not Thy face from me;
For I do sorely need Thy help—
Then smile—that I may see!

So oft, so oft, so oft I err
From Thy love, truth, and grace,
But still my soul in anguish cries,
“Turn not from me Thy face!”

Oh, guide me, guide me, guide me still
Through all Life's misty ways;
Remember not my past misdeeds,
But bless me all my days.

My God, my Saviour, and my Christ,
Thou seest all my life,
How sorrow overshadows me—
Thou knowest my soul's strife.

I would, I would, I would aspire
To be with Thee on high,
But worldly cares do me enthrall,
And chain me till I die.

Turn not Thy face—turn not Thy face,
Turn not Thy face from me;
Thou need'st me not, but how I need
Thy love—I crave for Thee!

THE WANDERER.

I LOST my way and wandered far
By winding paths and rushing streams,
Through solemn woods and deserts vast—
I lost my way, save in my dreams

When I heard the Angels singing,
And the bells of Heaven ringing,
“Whate’er betide, whate’er betide,
Thy God is ever by thy side!”

Then I awoke with sadness,
And searched for my path anew,
But as I wandered, I lifted my eyes
And gazed on the skies so blue.

When I heard the Angels singing,
And the bells of Heaven ringing,
“Whate’er betide, whate’er betide,
Thy God is ever by thy side!”

And as I looked I beheld
Mount Calvary far away,
And I saw my God who died for me—
Who loves me though I stray.

Then I heard the Angels singing,
And the bells of Heaven ringing,
“Whate’er betide, whate’er betide,
Thy God is ever by thy side!”

Quickly I found the right path,
And took my Saviour’s hand,
And He said, “Loved one, I’ll bring thee
To sing with the Angel Band!”

Then I heard the Angels singing,
And the bells of Heaven ringing,
“Whate’er betide, whate’er betide,
Thy God is ever by thy side!”

So now I follow my Saviour
Through fields of violets sweet,
For faith in God is perfume rare—
I know my King I’ll meet,

For I’ve heard the Angels singing,
And the bells of Heaven ringing,
“Whate’er betide, whate’er betide,
Thy God is ever by thy side!”

O SWEET AND SACRED HOUR OF
PRAYER.

OH, it is good to pray to God,
To leave earth's cares awhile;
And lay our burdens at the Cross,
And rest in Jesus' smile.

O sweet and sacred hour of prayer,
When I speak from my heart,
And commune with God, my Saviour
And choose life's better part.

How wonderful that I can speak
From earth on bended knee;
And that this feeble voice of mine,
Can reach eternity!

Where'er I be I know that God
Will hear me when I pray;
Nor prison walls, nor pain, nor death
Can keep my prayers away.

How blest am I to have a friend,
In God, life's King divine,
For when I pray to Him, His love
Does ever o'er me shine.

I'LL NEVER, NEVER, LEAVE THEE.

I SAW my radiant Saviour,
Clad in robes of shining white;
And all His glorious Presence
Was bathed in holy light.
I cried, "Lord, I am tossed about
On Life's great stormy sea!"
Then in His sweet, calm voice,
He gently said to me:

"I'll never, never leave thee—
Though all the world forsake thee,
By thy side I'll ever be,
In trouble and adversity!
I am thy Friend
Time without end—
'Tis Jesus speaks to thee!

"I'll never, never leave thee—
My love shall e'er enfold thee.
My love is deep as the shining sea,
And abides for all eternity!
I am thy Friend
Time without end—
'Tis God who speaks to thee!

“ I'll never, never leave thee—
In grief's dark hour I'm near thee,
And when thou call'st to Me,
My answer e'er shall be,
I am thy Friend
Time without end—
Thy Saviour speaks to thee!”

And the Angel Host took up the song
Of love from God on high;
While the light which streamed from Heaven,
Like a sunset filled the sky.
And as the echoes were ringing
Through the vast realms of space,
I could hear the Angels singing
Of the glory of God's grace!

THE GREAT JUDGE.

Lo! Jehovah who reigneth on His Throne,
Saith, "Every soul on earth I own!
Each I created with marvellous love,
And to each I send blessings from above.

"For I love the pauper and noble of earth,
Kindred they were at the hour of birth!
And good and bad are well mixed, I ween—
For great, true love oftentimes I've seen!

"And oft Love's noblest, kindest heart
Is owned by the one who doth depart
From earth in poverty's saddest guise—
But by angels is carried to the skies!

"I have come to save both rich and poor,
And give them joys which shall endure,
For all these souls I sent to the earth—
They were all equal at hour of birth!

“And at the hour when Death is sent,
When the soul from its earthly bonds is rent,
They all leave equal and stand at the Throne—
For all these souls I judge alone.

“Nought do they take of their goods of earth—
Naked they leave as at hour of birth,
Save their Book of Life, which each taketh
there—
Which hath their Character—bad or fair!

“And I the Judge—I judge alone—
I give to each what the soul hath sown,
To those who had faith and trusted on Me—
I blot out their sins, whatever they be!

“But those who scorned and ne’er thought of
me,
And led their neighbor through Sin’s Dark Sea,
Their punishment shall be swift and sure—
For My wrath shall last, and will endure!”

THE OUTCAST WOMAN.

O WOMAN! thy heart has been bowed with
sorrow,
But to thee shall come a glad to-morrow;
For Man, who should be thy protector and
friend,
Has given thee nought but grief without end.

For the frail one who turns from Virtue's
Straight Path,
Man's scorn and derision forever she hath—
While he tempts and leads her from God's Path
astray,
Through Sin, and Shame, and Life's Great Sad
Way.

And he boasts with laughter of his conquests
o'er her,
While the World smiles approval—and he acts
as he were
A marvellous being—great 'neath the sun,
But remember there ruleth a Judge—a Great
One!

Who has seen all the tears from each Woman's
sad heart,
And how justice to her Man will rarely impart—
But makes her toil hard for a piteous wage,
Or keeps her enslaved in a poor earthly cage.

The Eternal has seen that for Woman are laws
Which seldom to her mete out justice—because
Man in his heart counts her of small worth—
Woman—God's fairest gift to the earth!

The Judge has seen Women whose lives have
been sold,
Bartered and traded by Man for gold!
Yea, the poor White Slaves are remembered on
high—
But woe to the Man who has caused them to die!
For his misdeeds—few earthly friends would
him shun—
To his wealth and position they have bowed,
each one;
But the Door of Eternity will on him close,
For wealth is nought to the Judge who knows.

To the One who rules—who ruleth above,
Who pities and cares with undying love,
Each Woman's soul which He sent to the
earth—
For to each one He gave His love at her birth!

And Man shall be summoned at Judgment Day,
To atone for the frail ones he led astray—
Yea, better for him he had ne'er been born,
For he shall meet nought but Jehovah's scorn!

Shall he stand, then, with laughter at the Judgment Seat,
As each ruined Woman's soul he will meet?
And each Man shall give strict account that Day—
For no Man can turn from the Judge away.

Yea, better for him that he ne'er had been born,
Who leads Women's souls to a life forlorn—
When the Great Judge shall say with His All Seeing Eyes,
“Away, thou art cast out of Paradise!

“To be with the fiends of the Evil One—
Thou can'st then boast of the deeds thou hast done!
But even they shall greet thee with jeer and scorn—
Yea, better for thee thou hadst ne'er been born.”

MY TIME IS SHORT.

My time is short,
And I have not
So many years to roam—
Till Death's bright Angel
Will summon me,
"Come! God calls thee Home!"

My time is short,
And all the years
Are slipping fast away—
Till the sweet Voice
Will call to me,
"Leave the earth to-day!"

Then I must leave
All that I love
And hold on earth most dear—
For the Angel Host
Will whisper low,
"Eternity is near!"

My time is short,
So I'll prepare
To meet my Saviour bright—
And I'll rejoice
When the Angel says,
“Haste! Gone is the night!”

My time is short,
And I have not
So many years to roam—
Perhaps just months,
Weeks, days or hours,
Until the Voice calls “Home!”

THE FINANCIER.

IN order to have an automobile,
And a country mansion fair,
A sumptuous yacht, and a town house,
And his family with jewels rare—
He formed combines in foodstuffs,
Then was called a "Financier,"
"Raise the prices!" was his motto,
"And make the People pay dear!"

He kept the food in his storage plants—
Then raised the hue and cry
That the crops were an utter failure,
And he couldn't get stock to buy!
He destroyed tons of foodstuffs,
For fear prices might go down—
"Everyone must pay what I ask!"
He would cry with a sneer—a frown.

He formed trusts in coal and ice,
In shoes and clothing to wear—
And the People saved, scraped, and pinched—
For their misery he did not care.

The People ofttimes were hungry,
And supperless went to bed;
Their wages were always lowered—
And the food prices raised instead!

And then one day as he sat at ease,
In the midst of his wealth and lands—
A Hand was laid on his shoulder,
And a Voice said, "O fool! God commands
That thou leavest the Earth this instant
To give account before the Throne—
For God hath seen thy grasping ways,
And hath heard the People's moan!"

The Financier turned around—
And cried, as he looked on the Angel stern,
"Oh! give me one more month on earth,
And I all my wealth will spurn!
I will open my storage plants,
And give away all of worth!"
"Nay!" said the Angel, "thou must come—
For to-day thou must leave the earth!"

"Then give me one week!" cried the Financier,
"I'll cast my wealth away!
I'll feed the poor—I'll double the wages
Of my workers this very day!"

“Nay!” said the Angel, “the Summons is given—

This hour thou must leave the earth!
Not even a blade of grass canst thou take—
Thou shalt be judged for thy character’s worth!

“Thou hast ever laughed and jeered
When the People were in need,
And didst gaily count thy golden hoard!
The fruit of thy heartless greed!
Thou art leaving thy children thy wealth—
And when their souls meet Judgment one day,
They will mock, and scorn, and curse thee
That thy gold led their souls astray.

The Financier’s soul left his body—
And with the Angel went from the earth,
And stood before the Eternal Judge,
Who counts not wealth—but worth!
And as the Judge flashed before him
The scenes of misery his greed had caused,
He cried, “I am judged! I am judged!
For I cared not for Thy pure laws!”

And he went out into darkness,
Away from God’s Presence bright—
To dwell with the souls who had lost
God’s wondrous guiding light. . . .

The Financier's body was found
Stiff in death on his library floor,
And the word was sent throughout the land
That the money king was no more.

The newspapers printed columns
About his wealth and business greed—
While the People silently scorned him
For each selfish, grasping deed. . . .
And he was buried in pomp,
In a mausoleum, rich and grand—
But his soul had been given Judgment,
When it crossed the Border land!

SOWING WILD OATS.

SOWING wild oats
From day to day,
Sowing along
Life's Great Broad Way;
Recklessly sowing,
Carelessly sowing—
Never a thought
Of what God will say.

Sowing wild oats,
Ruining each fair soul,
Down to destruction
The one they cajole;
Selfishly sowing,
Heartlessly sowing—
But marked are the Oats
On God's Great Scroll!

Sowing wild oats,
They laugh and they say,
"Youth must sow its oats,
There's nothing to pay!"

Thoughtlessly scoffing,
Carelessly ruining
The lives and the hope
Of the souls led astray.

Sowing wild oats
For their pleasure alone,
Never a care
For the ones made moan;
Recklessly drinking,
Thoughtlessly swearing—
Thinking not they'll
Reap what they've sown!

And the numbers who sowed
Their oats for a day,
Found their pleasures faded
And wasted away;
Mournfully sighing,
Sadly repining—
As Conscience asks,
“Soul, does it pay?”

For God always sees
The wild oats sown,
And says, “Not a life,
Was yours to own!

Ye gaily sowed,
Ye carelessly sowed—
And the souls ye ruined,
Cry for vengeance alone!”

And the lives led astray
Through all the years,
Shall stand and accuse you
Before God who hears—
“Lord! here is the Sower
Of our wild oats—
The Tempter—the Cause
Of our bitter tears!”

FOLLOW ME.

WITH eager steps I ran life's race,
I strove for wealth and not for grace;
The world's joys came, but in my soul
I found that these could not console.

Then I heard the voice of Jesus say,
In His kind and ever gentle way,
"Follow Me, follow Me,
Take thy cross and I'll guide thee!
Follow Me, follow Me
From earth to eternity!"

Soon did I find that wealth takes wings,
And that each selfish joy e'er brings
Sorrow and pain and bitter loss—
'Twas then I turned and saw the cross.

Then I heard the voice of Jesus say,
In His kind and ever gentle way,
"Follow Me, follow Me,
Take thy cross and I'll guide thee!
Follow Me, follow Me
From earth to eternity!"

I came and cried, "Thou dost console!
I've lost the world—but found my soul!
Till sorrow came I knew Thee not,
And that Thy blood my soul had bought!"

Then I heard the voice of Jesus say
In His kind and ever gentle way,
"Follow Me, follow Me,
Take thy cross and I'll guide thee!
Follow Me, follow Me
From earth to eternity!"

LAY DOWN THY BURDEN.

“Lo!” said the Lord, in accents mild,
To those who wandered far,
“Come unto me, O weary child,
My grace will heal each scar!

“Lay down thy burden, weary one,
Come unto me and rest!
And all who dwell beneath the sun,
Shall know My ways are best!”

O sad and weary is the heart
That toils from day to day,
But heavenly hope will ever start,
And drive Life's cares away.

“Come unto Me!” how sweet the sound,
And hope once more will live,
And aching hearts with joy abound,
For Christ, our God, will give

Rest, rest and peace from all earth's grief,
Joy that shall never end,
Hope that gives Life's bright relief,
For God is our Saviour, Friend!

Peace to the weary, peace to the sad,
Love to those who sigh,
Hope to the fallen, free grace to be had,
And Heaven by and by!

GO, SIN NO MORE.

THE Master sat in the Temple,
And taught the listening throng
Of God's great love and mercy,
And judgment of earth's wrong.

As He spoke to the eager people,
The Scribes and Pharisees then
Dragged in a woman to be stoned—
The victim of sinful men

And said, "This woman we have taken—
An adulteress, found in the act!
Moses commanded to stone all such—
Shall we her with these rocks attack?"

They thought, "Should He bid us stone her,
Roman judgment on Him we will bring—
But should He bid us release her,
He is not Messiah, the King!"

They stood, with bitter, leering looks
On the sobbing woman weak,
With jagged rocks in their cruel hands,
Their hatred on her to wreak.

Themselves they thought most holy,
And with lustful sin undefiled—
Yet many souls they had led to ruin,
Poor creatures by them beguiled.

But Jesus looked—and stooping down,
With His finger traced on the ground
A message from the Searcher of hearts—
For none free from sin was found.

And He arose and said unto them—
As He looked on the one who did err—
“He that is without sin among you,
Let him cast the first stone at her!”

And again He stooped and wrote on the ground—
For their guilty hearts He could see—
They had taken the woman to be stoned,
And the man—her companion—set free!

The law of Moses had said for this crime,
On each guilty one cast a stone—
But they set the man free and brought the
woman
To suffer for both—alone!

Even as God spoke their Conscience
Accused them one and all—
And they each departed—one by one—
From the eldest to the small!

One by one they dropped the rocks
Which they held in their guilty hands,
And hurried forth in haste and fear—
Away from Conscience which brands!

And God who was spotless and pure—
He could cast the stone—'twas His right!
Looked with pity on the sobbing woman—
The victim of Sin's dark night.

And Jesus stood alone—
With the weeping woman near,
“Where are thine accusers?” He gently said,
“Hath no man condemned thee here?”

And she sobbed, “No man, Lord!”
Then the Saviour looked and smiled—
“Neither do I condemn thee!
Go, sin no more! unhappy child.”

The woman stood and beheld her God,
As her hot tears she brushed away—
And cried, “Jehovah! Lord God! The Christ!”
And fell at His feet to pray!

And God with His compassionate love,
From sin cleansed all her heart—
She went rejoicing on her way,
From the good she would never part!

And so 'tis the Woman who suffers,
When from virtue led astray—
While Man, her companion in guilt,
Walks carelessly on his way,

As he scorns, and laughs, and leaves her
To bear the sorrow and shame—
While the world approves and gaily jeers,
On his shoulders it puts not the blame.

But there reigns the Omnipotent God,
Who weighs Life's Balance, just and sure—
He will not lightly pass Man by,
Who has robbed from Woman her virtue pure!

O WHEN THE CLOUDS ARE BLACK WITH
RAIN.

O WHEN the clouds are black with rain,
And dark and drear the way,
A sunbeam glances through the mist—
When I to Jesus pray.

A sunbeam, then a golden Cross
Of God's bright love divine,
Which reaches to my weary soul,
And makes my pathway shine.

The clouds dissolve and drop with dew—
The love from God on high,
That heals my soul and helps me reach
My mansion in the sky.

And all the storm mists fade away
From off my tortured soul,
For God's bright love shines over me—
His grace which does console.

Console me ever, ever Lord;
When I grieve and despair,
Send Thy bright rainbow o'er my path—
'Twill drive away each care!

O THOU WHO REIGNEST HIGH ABOVE.

O THOU who reignest high above
Through endless space and time;
And sendest down undying love,
And peace which is sublime!

Point, point the way that leads on high,
The way to sinners given;
That weary hearts may to Thee cry—
For them Death's bonds were riven.

Oh! shower Thy blessings from on high
To all frail ones below;
And let no saddened hearts e'er cry
With sorrow's bitter woe.

Send, send Thine own bright angels here,
With blessings from Thy hand;
And may each soul Thy name revere,
And praise Thee through each land.

O Thou who sittest on the Throne
Beyond the sun and stars!
Remember all—they are Thine own,
And heal Life's Battle scars!

THE GOLDEN STEPS TO GOD ON HIGH.

THE golden steps to God on high
Are broad and wide as the cloudless sky;
They are not paved by the bigot's blind zeal,
But shine with the love of hearts that feel

Love, pity, and kindness for each frail soul
Who is trying to reach the heavenly goal;
For love of earth's fallen the Saviour died,
And none in vain to Him have cried!

Shall Man, then, dictate to Jehovah above,
That He give scorn instead of love?
O Children of Earth be broad in your ways,
And God shall remember you all your days!

JUDGMENT.

SOME day—
Perhaps not far away,
The Lord shall come to thy Soul and say,
“Away! Away!
Thou must leave thine earthly house of clay,
And haste away!”

The Soul then must leave its earthly clay,
From its wealth and its loved ones must haste
away,
And stand at the Judgment Throne,
And face its God—alone.

For the Soul can take nought of its wealth,
Its pride, its learning, or earthly pelf,
But must stand at the Judgment Throne,
And face its Maker—alone.

Then all the acts of the Soul through the years,
When it robbed and hated, and caused many
tears,
Shall come and stand at the Throne,
With the Soul and its Maker—alone.

And all the ruined lives the Soul led astray,
With Liquor and Vice, and Sin's Great Sad Way,
Shall come and stand at the Throne,
With the Soul and its Judge—alone.

And the Judge shall point to His loved ones
around,
And say, "These millions of Just on the earth
were found,
And each one came and stood at the Throne,
Alone with the Great Judge—alone!

"For I count not learning, nor wealth, nor
birth—
These are nought to Me—for I own the earth,
And send each Soul before the Throne
To stand at the Bar—alone.

"But the Soul that has faith and trusts on Me,
And scorns not the poor nor the toiler, shall be
Not afraid to stand at the Throne,
And face its Judge—alone.

"But woe to the Soul that leads others astray
From Love and from Virtue and My Bright
Way—
It shall stand at the Throne,
Before its Judge—alone.

“For the poorest Soul I send to the earth,
Leaves as rich as the proudest kings of birth—
For each Soul stands at the Throne,
Facing its Judge—alone!”

The Judge but smiles at wealth, learning, and
birth—

He knows they are only vain baubles of earth;
And each Soul stands at the Throne,
Facing its Judge—alone!

O Souls that dwell on earth to-day—
O Souls that never to Him pray—
O Souls that lead frail ones astray—
O Souls that care not for Judgment, but say,
“We have wealth, we will drive all care away!”
Remember—

There comes a day,
When God to each Soul shall say,
“Away! Away!

From thine earthly clay!
Thou must leave thy wealth and loved ones
to-day!

Thou must give account before the Throne!
For verily every Soul I own—
Each Soul is Mine—yea, Mine alone—
Thou shalt stand before the Throne,
And reap what thou hast sown!”

THE GEMS OF THE MORNING.

I WILL gather the gems of the morning,
Ere the dusk of night shall appear;
I will place them in the basket of life,
Before pain and sorrow are near.

First, I will take up the pearl of great price,
Which on life's broad highway doth wait—
For I know that faith is the only key
That will open the Golden Gate.

I will also place in the basket of life
Diamonds of hope, rubies of love,
Emeralds and sapphires, priceless gems,
Sent from the throne of God above.

These shining gems which I am gathering,
Shall neither fade nor waste away—
They are mine, and I'll take them with me
When I enter eternal day.

Many gems are scattered o'er life's highway,
Then hasten and garner thy share—
For they have been sent by the hand of God
As a mark of His loving care.

GREAT EVERLASTING ARMS.

This may be sung to the tune of "Nearer, My
God, to Thee."

GREAT everlasting arms
Of God divine,
Round me in tender love,
Saviour entwine!
Then all my cares shall flee,
And I shall happy be
Throughout eternity,
Saviour with Thee!

Safe in Thy holy arms,
What need I fear?
Sin cannot conquer me,
When Thou art near.
Oh, hear my earnest plea,
"Saviour, abide with me!"
My spirit longs to be
Saviour with Thee!

Blest everlasting arms,
Shelter of God!
Keep me from worldly paths
Which I have trod.
My soul cries out to Thee,
"Saviour, abide with me!"
Oh, how I long to be
Saviour with Thee!

Safe in Thy gentle arms,
Rock me to sleep,
And in Thy home above,
My spirit keep!
Then all my cares shall flee,
And I shall happy be,
Throughout eternity,
Saviour with Thee!

TO BE WITH GOD AT REST.

I WANDER o'er Life's Highway,
From East unto the West—
But ever I am longing
To be with God at rest!

Far from earth's weary turmoil,
Far from Life's bitter strife—
I long for God's great summons
To enter the Better Life.

For Life is one great struggle,
And often I despair,
Until my soul remembers
The love of God I share.

What though the World stand 'gainst me,
Its paths be thorny, drear—
Yet with the thorns are roses,
For God is ever near!

I know Life's golden honey
Is always bitter-sweet—
I reckon not of its weariness,
For God and Heaven I'll meet.

And when the great Day will dawn—
For me so clear and bright—
When the angel host will call me
From out earth's troubled night.

I will gladly hear the call—
Whether from East or West,
For oh! my soul is longing
To be with God at rest.

Far from earth's weary turmoil,
Far from Life's bitter strife—
I long for God's great summons
To enter the Better Life!

SPIRIT OF GOD DESCEND ON ME.

SPiRiT of God descend on me
From Thy pure heights above;
Shed over me Thy tender grace,
And great undying love.

O Holy Spirit of our God,
Thou Comforter unseen,
Thou art my solace and on Thine
Eternal arms I lean.

Thou walk'st the earth in shining robes,
And those who to Thee pray,
Behold that Thou art Christ the Lord,
Who washeth sins away.

Unseen Thou enter'st in each home,
And all who seek for Thee,
Thou ledest gently by the hand
To Thine eternity.

O cleanse my heart from every sin,
Eternal God divine;
Surround me with Thy holy love,
Receive me, I am Thine.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

By the side of a Well in Samaria's land,
Stood a woman whose life had been marred,
Through sin and despair and false-hearted man—
And she from clean company was barred.

By the side of a Well on a hot, sultry day,
Sat a Stranger who came from afar;
On her sin-laden soul with deep pity He gazed—
For the wonderful Teacher had seen every
scar!

“ Oh, give me a drink! I am thirsty!” He said,
But she answered “ Nay!” and amazed did
demand

How He being a Jew would not feel but defiled
At taking a drink from her hand!

But He smiled as He looked on her dark wonder-
ing face,
And said, “ If thou knewest who speaketh to
thee,

Thou would'st ask for the Living Water of Life,
Which will spring up in the soul for Eternity!”

Amazed and with haste she asked for the gift—
For she thought, "To this Well I need never
more come!"

But He looked with His searching eyes into her
soul—

And rebuked her of her sins—every one.

With wonder she gazed on His grave, kindly face,
"O Sir, Thou'rt a Prophet! Now tell me and
say

Whether we Samaritans should worship God
here—

Or go up to Jerusalem's Temple to pray?"

Then the Master replied to her soul's eager
thirst,

"Behold, I give thee this message forsooth,
Not in temples bedecked by man's sinful hands,
Shall Jehovah be worshipped—but in Spirit
and Truth!

"For God is a Spirit—He dwells not on earth,
Nor lives He in temples, the work of man's
hands—

But He dwells in the hearts and souls of each
one—

And He sees and passes through all the
lands!"

The Woman then said with bright, eager eyes,
As the light of God's truth was filling her
soul,
That she knew when Christ, the Messias, would
come,
He would teach them all things to make them
whole!

The Saviour looked—and He knew of her faith,
And said, "I that speak unto thee am He!"
With rapture and love transcending her soul,
She cried, "Lord! to think Thou should'st
speak to me!"

She at once left her work and made haste to the
city,
And cried, "Come with me! The Christ waits
outside!
He hath told me all things whichever I've done—
Oh come! that His grace may on you abide!"

Nought cared she for laughter or her neighbors'
rough scorn,
She had found the Christ! and the news she
would spread,
For to save all her friends was the thought filled
her soul,
And with joy she wished them to God to be led.

They came to the Saviour—who sat at the Well,
They stood—and spellbound they heard the
Great Story,
And said, “Oh, come and remain with us here,
That we may learn to tell others God’s glory!”

.

O Samaritan woman! thou wert scorned of each
one—

For thou hadst sinned deeply and a wicked
course run!

But thou didst accept thy God when He came,
And make haste to tell to the others the same.

Though thou hadst been one of the worst in the
city,

Yet the Message was given in Love’s great pity,
And at once thou didst hasten to bring every
friend

To receive of God’s wonders for time without
end!

Thy name is remembered, when those that reviled
thee,

Those that had scorned, and mocked, and defiled
thee,

Are in dust and forgotten as the ages roll by—
While thy bright faith in God is recorded on
high!

THERE IS ONE ABOVE WHO KNOWS.

WHEN grief's dark storms around me toss,
The joys I had turn into dross,
I struggle blindly 'neath my cross,
And I cry out in pain and loss—
Then through my soul there floods this song,
“Beloved! Fear not! Be brave! Be strong!”

“For there's One above who knows!
He will send thee faith's white rose,
 With healing dew,
 Of bright love true,
Which from His throne gently flows!”

I take my cross—march on my way—
With head erect I face each day—
And from my path I do not stray,
But gladly to the world I say—
As my cross lighter grows each hour,
And shines forth with God's love and power.

“There is One above who knows!
In each trial God ever shows
 His Prēsence bright—
 Day follows night,
And healing love around me flows!”

STAR OF MY SOUL.

This may be sung to the tune of "Sun of My Soul."

STAR of my soul, great light divine,
Thou God of Heaven's holy Zion,
Lord o'er my spirit ever shine,
By faith alone I know Thou'rt mine!

Star of the world to Thee I pray,
Cleanse from my soul all sin away;
Guide me throughout each night and day,
Lord Jesus, ever with me stay!

Star of the Heavens, I call on Thee,
Thou beacon light on life's great sea;
Light of the world Thou'lt ever be,
O come, my Lord, and dwell in me!

Star of the east, Star of the west,
Thou art by the whole world possessed;
Then shine on me and give sweet rest,
And I shall be forever blest!

GOD'S SYMBOLS.

How plainly are God's mysteries
Shown to the children of earth—
Yet their eyes, beholding, see not,
That Death is but New Birth!

Each living creature in the world
Obeys the Call to Sleep—
And then awakes refreshed,
With strength to work and reap.

And so God gives the Symbol
To all His children on earth,
That Death is nought but slumber,
When the Soul receives New Birth!

For God has given His token
To the one of observing mind,
How even the plant life of earth
Dies—but it nought can bind.

For it comes forth in the springtime
With young and verdant grace,
And lives anew with strength and life—
A Symbol to all the Race.

The trees, so naked and barren,
When cold, wintry blasts appear,
Burst forth in all their glory,
When warm, summer winds are near.

For the King has given His children
The simplest of Nature's laws,
But the wise and the learned are blind—
And seeing—discern not the cause.

For Nature is nought but the ruling
Of the mighty King above,
Who guides and commands each atom,
And gives all His care and love.

Save in this wondrous difference—
He has given to all mankind
The right to choose Good or Evil,
For their eyes are open, not blind.

The right to choose joys everlasting,
And dwell with the angels above—
Or to choose the path of evil,
And be cast from the God of Love!

HOW BLEST ARE THEY WHO LIVE BY FAITH.

How blest are they who live by faith,
And do not care for earthly scorn;
Their souls shall mount to heights above,
And ne'er by doubt and fear be torn.

Blest, blest are they who live by faith,
And trust on God's pure holy word,
For He will ever give to them
Such joys as none on earth have heard!

Their souls by faith stand at the Throne
In moments of surpassing joy—
They mount the vast realms of space,
For the gold of faith is pure alloy.

They doubt not of God's mercies sure—
Their souls but leave this earthly clay,
And shout "Hosanna!" to their God—
Their God who lives for aye and aye.

Their souls ne'er doubt nor ask for proof,
But simple, childlike is their trust
In Jesus and His mighty power—
And He shall ne'er forsake the just!

I HAVE HEARD THE VOICE OF THE ANGELS

I HAVE heard the voice of the Angels
Singing on Life's Highway,
Singing of God's great blessings
Given day by day.

I have seen the wings of the Angels,
Flying up to the sky;
Bringing down with them blessings
From our Father on high.

I have seen the Angels' white raiment,
Whiter than the snow;
And the glory which God gave them
To shed His light below.

I have heard the song of the Angels,
Swelling forth on the breeze;
And I gazed with wonder transcending,
And asked, "Who are these?"

And an Angel made haste and answered,
Singing from high above,
“These are the Souls who trusted
On Jesus and His love.

“These are the Souls who were scorned
By many on earth below;
But now all their trials are ended,
And gone is their woe.

“And God has made them bright Angels,
Singing of their great King,
And of His salvation given,
For which all the Heavens ring.

“For they are Angel Messengers,
Going forth so free;
Giving God’s wondrous blessings
For all Eternity!”

THE GIFT OF GOD IS LIFE ETERNAL.

THE gift of God is life eternal,
And perfect peace within thy soul;
Amidst each earthly tribulation,
His grace will make thee whole.

Not as the world gives, does Jesus—
For the world gives, but to take away;
But what God gives endures forever,
And will ever with thee stay.

Lay all thy sins and every burden
At the foot of Jesus' cross—
Healing love will then surround thee,
Joy will reign in place of loss.

Accept the tender Shepherd, Jesus,
Bid Him enter within thy soul;
Hear His gentle voice absolve thee,
"Sin no more, for thou art whole."

EVERY DAY BRINGS ME NEARER.

OFTTIMES my soul is weary,
Weary of toil and strife,
But each day I am nearer
The peaceful, better life.

Every day brings me nearer,
Nearer the great White Throne,
And to the hour appointed,
When I am summoned home.

I know I'm but a stranger,
A pilgrim on this earth;
And when my task is ended,
To me will come New Birth.

What though life has its shadows,
Joy will come out of pain—
For now I trust on Jesus,
And mine is holy gain.

When at last I dwell with God,
In the City of the Blest,
My soul will know the meaning
Of the perfect word "rest."

GOD IS GOOD.

God is good! His ways are blessed,
Weary heart doubt not!
He will ever guard and help thee,
If His aid is sought.

God is just! His ways are perfect,
None as true as he!
All earth's sorrow, pain, and gladness,
His kind eye doth see.

God is pure! His ways are holy,
Life and Death He knows;
Every soul who searches for Him,
In Faith's beauty grows.

God is merciful and loving,
Call Him! He will come,
And will gently guide thy footsteps,
Till thy race is run.

God stands waiting to receive thee,
Weary, doubting heart;
Haste and humbly cry, "My Saviour
From me do not part!"

Oh! the radiant, pitying Christ
Ever hears each cry,
And says in His calm, holy voice,
"Soul, thy God is nigh!"

LIFE.

I do my daily tasks
Of Life's appointed round;
'Tis toiling, laughing, sighing—
These to each day are bound.

And I smile and I say
At the close of every day,
"I know each earthly care
Will surely pass away!"

Then someone calls to me,
"Isn't Life a weary grind,
Seems as if our journey
Meets with folks so unkind!"

And I say, "Friend, cheer up!
There's a bright golden cup
In Heaven of love and joy,
Which one day we will sup!"

But sometimes I'm discouraged,
Life seems so gray and blue—
Until I see beyond the clouds,
The sun is shining through.

Then I laugh, "Away with care,
Though I have much to bear
Of Life's weary grind,
Yet I'll still do my share!"

And I shoulder my burden
Of Life's sorrow and joy,
For I know of a Land
Where there is no annoy!

And I smile and I say,
"I will drive care away—
For I'll live with God,
When He calls me one day!"

So I do my humble tasks,
As I sit beside Life's Gate—
For I know they also serve,
Who only watch and wait!

THE SONG OF THE AGES.

THE song of the ages came to me,
In silvery accents sweet;
The song of the ages came to me,
When I knelt at Jesus' feet.

And out of my heart's darkness,
Into my soul's release,
Came angel voices singing
Of peace, heavenly peace.

Then Christ my Lord entered,
And dwelt within my heart;
He filled my soul with sunshine,
And from me will not part.

And Christ, my Lord, whispered,
"Lean on Me, weary one,
Mine arm will ever be thy stay,
Until life's task is done!"

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLES OF REST.

COME to life's golden sunrise,
Sail on from the east and west,
Into the harbor of glory,
To the beautiful isles of rest.

Sail on! Sail on!
To the beautiful isles of rest,
Into the harbor of glory,
Into the home of the blest.

Hear the voice of the Pilot,
"Come unto Me, and be blest,
A home is waiting for you
In the beautiful isles of rest."

Angel choirs are singing,
"Weep not, neither be distressed,
For beyond the white-capped waves
Are the beautiful isles of rest."

Walking over life's stormy sea,
Comes Jesus, Lord of the blest,
And bids each soul to hasten on
To the beautiful isles of rest.

If you have faith in the Pilot,
No storms can your boat molest;
And angels will gladly bring you
To the beautiful isles of rest.

DEATH.

To many homes there has been sent
The message that the Veil is rent;
Thousands have answered the mighty call,
And have left in haste their friends—their all.

And many a heart has many a tear,
For they have lost their loved ones dear,
On battlefields—in hospital cot—
In homes—they looked, and they were not!

Oh! many hearts are bowed with care,
And their faces a look of anguish wear,
For the ones who made their lives so bright
Have vanished into the silent night.

So many parents with sorrow wild,
Cry, "Give! Give! Give back my child!
I want my loved one who has vanished away—
I care not if on the earth I stay!"

And many a heart says with tears anew,
“If we had known there would come for you
So soon the summons to leave the earth—
Our hearts would have filled with prayer—not
mirth!”

For many hearts now mourn and say,
“O Death, give back! give back thy prey!
We will love our dear ones and treat them well,
And our actions our hearts’ devotion will tell!”

And many homes in sorrow and pain
Think of the loved ones they will see not again;
And remember past actions unkind and wrong,
Which they did as they walked Life’s Road along.

For many hearts cry, “Our eyes were blind,
We acted in love, but were oft so unkind!
O Death! give back to the aching heart
The loved one from whom our souls cannot
part!”

And many hearts mourn, “Our child so fair,
The one we guarded with love and care,
Whom gladly we’d given our lives to save,
Why hast thou left us for the grave?”

So many hearts cry, “Our pride, our joy,
Our beautiful girl—our beautiful boy,
Why have you left us alone on the earth,
Life is bitter to us—there is no mirth!”

And other hearts mourn each parent and friend,
Those on whom much of life's joy did depend,
Each relative kind who lavished their love—
And was called in haste to the summons above.

For the Mighty Messenger looks on the earth,
And he calls and beckons to the New Birth,
Child and parent, relation and friend—
Each soul from the earth he must always rend!

But the Angel sees the bereaved who moan,
And he says, "Think not of the earth alone,
For life on earth is a passing shower,
Thou wilt bloom and fade as a fragile flower!

"Think well of the Life beyond the earth,
Where each soul enters into New Birth—
Where those who trusted, sing 'Tis well!"
But those who were blinded by earthly spell

"Of pride and mammon and unrighteous ways,
Are cast from the Presence of the God of days!
Then wait not—but haste! and to God repent—
Ere Death's Great Summons to you is sent!"

HOME WITH GOD.

HOME! home! home! with God!
Is where I long to be—
And to hear His calm, sweet Voice,
Past Life's troubled sea.

Home! home! home with God!
Hear my earnest cry,
“Let me always with Thee stay,
And know Thou art nigh!”

Home! home! home with God!
I would dwell with Thee,
I would gladly leave this earth
For Eternity.

Home! home! home with God!
Never more to stray,
“Let me see Thy blessed face!”
This I always pray.

Home! home! home with God!
Is where I long to be,
And to dwell with Him always,
Is Home, sweet Home for me!

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

WHENE'ER life's ways are all awry,
And blinding trouble seizes me,
My soul cries out in pain and grief
"Am I forsaken, Lord, by Thee?"

The joy I had to ashes turns,
And bright-eyed hope gives way to fears;
My soul disheartened, with dismay
Shrinks from the thought of coming years.

I bow my head in deepest woe,
My weary soul can find no rest—
When lo! a silvery voice calls out,
"Whatever is, is best!"

"Oh trust thy God! He sees thy grief,
And thy despairing cry he hears—
Oh cast thy burdens on the Lord,
And He will wipe away thy tears!"

This comfort comes like balm to me,
Hope dwells within my soul once more—
I cast my burdens on the Lord,
For He will fight Life's Battle sore!

His glory shines around me then,
And in His Presence I am blest;
My soul with joy cries out to Him,
“Whatever is, is best!”

“Whatever is, is best—
Though strange the way may seem to me!
And when my burdens are too great,
I'll cast them all, Lord God, on Thee!”

O COME WITH ME AND REST AWHILE.

O COME with me and rest awhile
In the sunshine of God's love,
And hear the angels singing
From the golden land above.

O lay aside thy garments
Of mourning and of care,
And put on the pure robe of faith,
Which God hath bid thee wear.

O lay aside thy burdens,
And instead hold in thy hand
The staff of mercy and of love,
Sent from God's holy land.

Then, when thou art refreshed,
And thy soul is strengthened, strong,
Take up life's burden once again,
And sing the angels' song.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

SAD was a humble home in Nain,
In days of long ago;
For bitter grief had entered there,
And joy was turned to woe.

For the Widow's pride lay dead,
Her loved—her only son,
On whom each hope was centred,
Her bright—her darling one.

And she sobbed, "It seems but yesterday,
When I heard your dear voice say,
'My mother, I'll protect you
Through all life's weary way!

" 'My mother, I remember well
How you toiled for me each day;
But now I've reached my manhood,
My hand will be your stay! "

And she sobbed, "O God! O God!
Give back my darling boy!
I've lost each one I loved on earth—
For me there is no joy!"

Hushed were the voices in Nain,
For they knew the bright-eyed youth,
Whose presence was like sunshine,
And who trod God's paths of truth.

And they said, "Are not God's ways strange,
That He'd call the Widow's son,
While other homes have many more—
But he was her only one!"

The Widow's heart was bowed with grief,
And she sobbed, "God, let me die!
No more for me will the sun be bright,
For my heart aches with its cry!"

So she sat and watched her loved one,
Till the burial day was come—
When she took a long and last farewell
Of her child—her darling son.

As they passed through the gates of the town,
With the Widow's son of Nain,
Behold! God came—and gazed on the sorrow,
On the dead—and the Widow's pain!

And He looked on the woman's anguished face,
And with pity He said, "Weep not!"
But she sobbed as she saw her dead son there—
"He into the world I brought!"

Then the Lord touched the funeral bier,
And gazed with His pitying eyes,
And said in His gentle, searching voice,
“ Young man, I bid thee arise !”

And at God’s voice the spirit
Came back to its house of clay !
And he that was dead sat up and spoke—
For the Lord stood there that day !

Then Jesus took him by the hand,
And called the Widow near,
And said, “ My child, here is thy son—
For the breaking heart I always hear !”

The Widow saw her boy—not dead !
And she looked on her Saviour kind—
Then cried, “ My God, my God, forgive !
Forgive ! for mine eyes were blind !

“ My God, Thou wert ever at my side,
When I felt as my heart would break !
Thou stood’st—though unseen by my poor eyes,
Thou cam’st to Nain for my sake !

“ Thou knewest I was poor and forlorn,
And had lost my hope and joy,
And Thou gavest back without money or price,
My own—my beautiful boy !”

She clasped her loved son to her breast,
And gazed on his bright brown eyes—
Then knelt at the feet of the Saviour,
Till he said, “ My child, arise !”

The son and the Widow looked on Him—
On God who came from afar !
Who heard her bitter, heartfelt cry—
For He is Life’s Guiding Star !

And He who was as the humble son
Of the carpenter’s widow obscure,
Knew what it meant to hunger and toil—
For He trod the path of the poor !

And Christ, the Lord, supped that day
With the Widow of Nain and her son ;
And the crowds entered in with joy—
For they knew their God had come !

So ’tis ever the same when Death is near,
And the heart feels like to break—
The Saviour comes with His wondrous love,
For the sad He will never forsake.

Yea, God stands unseen in the house of grief,
When thy loved ones are called away—
If thou hast faith He will send them to thee,
When thy summons comes one day.

COME.

WEARY, sad and sore distressed,
Come to Jesus and be blessed ;
Come to God, your Heavenly Friend,
For His mercies never end.

He who dwelt on earth below,
Took our mortal form of woe ;
Left His radiant Home above,
For to show us His great love.

Came to earth so humble, poor,
Did all want and pain endure ;
Hungry, homeless—nor place to lie,
He who owned earth, sea, and sky !

Toiled He hard from morn to late,
Gave them love for all their hate ;
Bidding sinners, “ Oh haste, repent,
Ere Death’s Messenger is sent !”

Mocked and scourged and crucified,
Scorned of man for whom He died;
Now He reigns in Heaven above,
Jesus, Lord of Hope and Love.

Oh be swift to ask of Him
Mercy, pardon, peace again,
For the days are hastening by—
Wand'ring souls why will ye die?

PAST, PAST ARE EARTHLY SORROWS.

PAST, past are earthly sorrows,
Bright, bright the glad to-morrows,
Hail, hail the glorious day,
Sing O Soul for aye and aye!

Lift up thine eyes unto the Hills,
And sing, " My heart with rapture thrills,
For the Prince of Life cometh by,
To save the souls that for Him cry !"

Eye hath not seen—ear hath not heard,
Half the blessings of God's Great Word ;
As the flying of a carefree lark,
Thy Soul shall mount to the shining mark !

There is never a day so solemn,
When Life seems as a broken column—
But thy Saviour ever watchful hears,
And with loving kindness dries thy tears.

The very hairs upon thy head
Have been numbered as God hath said—
Then oh! why should thy heart despair,
For thy Saviour will bear every care.

The humble sparrow that falls to the land,
Is lifted by an Angel's hand—
Then banish all thy worldly fears,
For Jesus loves, and gives, and hears.

HIGH ABOVE THE REALMS OF AIR.

HIGH above the realms of air,
Dwells perfect light.
Deep, abiding love is there—
Gone is the night.

Countless souls who lived on earth,
Praise Jesus' name;
Born are they of Faith's New Birth,
For God is the same.

Dark and strange was earth's sad way—
But now all is clear.
They no more from God shall stray,
For lo! He is near.

Toilsome work and sad despair,
Now are forgotten;
Sorrow does not enter there,
For joy is begotten.

Sing they round Jehovah's Throne,
 " We are souls new born !
Death was conquered—rolled the stone,
 Resurrection morn !

" Priceless gift to sinners given,
 For Eternity,
When the bonds of Death were riven—
 Hail, we worship Thee !

" Ransomed, ransomed, now we sing
 Of our joys above ;
And let all the Heavens ring,
 ' God is Love ! ' "

ON CALVARY'S HILL CHRIST DIED
FOR ME.

ON Calvary's hill Christ died for me!
His love is vast as sky and sea;
And I shall sing on that great Day
When sun and earth have passed away!

I shall sing in that blest Land—
For God will guide me by the hand
Through earthly trials, and pain, and fears—
For Jesus ever stoops and hears,

And sends His brightest angels down,
And gives at last a heavenly crown,
To those who trust with all their heart—
Lo! from them He shall never part.

HEAVEN.

I HEARD the voice of singing
From out God's City fair,
And the bells were ever ringing,
As they floated on the air.

"There is a rest, a perfect rest,
A rest so freely given,
For all who strive and do their best,
Are ushered into Heaven!"

Then my Spirit gladly mounted
Far beyond the sun and stars,
For Faith by Fear is undaunted—
And Death can hold no bars.

With God's angels at my side,
Quickly I soared away,
Past sea and skies so wide,
To that land of endless day.

I entered the Gates of God's City—
The shining, jewelled Gates,
And sang, "I'm saved by His pity,
And Heaven for me awaits!"

I passed through the highways of gold,
Through the marvellous courts above—
And my dear ones their arms did enfold
Around me with rapturous love!

I gazed on the crystal fountains,
With their Water of Life so fair;
And I looked at the beauteous mountains,
And the trees with their fruits so rare.

And the birds singing high above,
Poured forth a jubilant song
Of redemption and marvellous love,
For banished now was each wrong.

But I sped straight on through the City—
Nor turned to left nor right,
For I said, "I was saved by Love's pity,
And must thank my Redeemer bright!"

And lo! I stood at the Throne,
And gazed on the Holy One,
And said, "By faith I thee do own,
Thou art my God—to Thee I come!"

And the King of Eternity looked on me
With radiant love and mild,
And said, " My blood was shed for thee—
By grace thou art My child !"

Then my soul burst forth this endless strain,
As I sang in ecstasy,
" The sun may dim, and the moon may wane
And the earth may pass with the raging sea.

" But I am saved no more to roam,
Never to have the cares of earth,
Never to leave my Heavenly Home—
For I've been given God's New Birth !"

And through the flower-scented air,
Came music softly pealing,
While white-robed angels sang in prayer,
As I at the Throne was kneeling.

" Oh ! the mountains and earth will all decay,
But thy Soul shall live and never grow old !
Though the sun and stars will pass away—
Yet thou art saved in God's Great Fold !"

WHEN THE SILVER CORD IS BROKEN.

ON the shores of time there's a beautiful land,
And round the Throne bright Spirits stand,
And receive God's wondrous blessings free—
The gifts that abide through Eternity!

Who doth compose this glorious Band?
The kind, the pure in heart do stand—
For when each silver cord did break,
The Angels sang, "O Soul awake!"

So when is broken the silver strand—
When thy Spirit leaves for the distant land—
Shall it be to sing with the Angels on high,
Or locked without, despairing cry?

I TOUCH THE HEM OF THY GARMENT.

I TOUCH the hem of Thy garment,
As Thou art passing by;
I touch Thy robe of holiness,
And to Thee my soul doth cry,

“ Lord, Lord, open mine eyes,
Open that I may see!
For I am blind to Thy glory,
As Thou art passing by me.”

This world is not the whole sum
Of my existence here;
I know there is a better land,
Where Thou wilt wipe each tear.

All around me are standing
Spiritual beings bright—
Those who have gone before me,
Those who have left the night.

Striving Lord, am I for grace,
The gift of Thy holy love;
And that my soul may dwell with Thee,
In Thy blessed home above.

“Lord, Lord, open mine eyes,
Open that I may see!
For I am blind to Thy glory,
As Thou art passing by me.”

MARY AND MARTHA.

THE years have vanished and methinks
I see a village fair,
Called Bethany, where stood a home
Which Jesus loved to share.

A quiet home, a House of faith,
Where dwelt God's peace and light;
A home where love shone ever forth,
A beacon in the night.

And in this happy home abode
Two loving sisters fair—
Mary and Martha, from whose lips
Was heard the voice of prayer.

And when the Master was troubled
With the world's care and grief,
He loved to visit Lazarus,
And the sisters—'twas relief.

One day as Jesus was weary,
He had toiled from morn to late,
He entered into Bethany,
And came to Simon, the Leper's, gate.

Martha made haste to meet Him—
And gave to Jesus a seat,
And said, "My Lord, Thou art weary,
Thou must this meal with us eat!"

The Master gladly sat down,
For He was both hungry and tired;
And He blessed the sisters and brother,
Their happiness He desired.

And while Jesus sat He gazed
On Martha's face so fair,
As she hurried and labored o'er her work,
Her brow perplexed with care.

But Mary quietly sat at His feet,
And listened with joy to His word—
While Martha was cumbered with serving,
With rapture God's voice, Mary heard.

Then Martha impatiently hastened and said,
"Lord, Mary hath left all the work,
Bid her to hurry and help me here,
And not from her labor to shirk!"

Jesus looked on Martha and smiled,
And in His grave, sweet voice did say,
"Martha, Martha, thou art ever troubled
With the things which pass away!

"One thing thou lackest and hast not,
For all earthly cares vanish and go,
But Mary hath chosen that Better Part—
Faith is enduring! This I will show.

"For the spiritual truths of which I speak,
And which Mary doth yearn to hear,
Shall endure forever through all time,
And dwell in the soul as a Fountain clear!"

And when they sat at the table,
And partook of the pleasant meal,
The eternal God then taught them
That the Great Life Beyond is real!

Oh! the Marys and Marthas fill this world,
The Marthas are the busy throng,
They're the practical ones—the workers,
Who toil and plod along.

But 'tis the Marys who brighten the world
With their dreams and visions rare—
How sad would earth be without them,
For their faith does banish care!

The Marthas are the materialists,
Who ask proof as they hurry along—
They toil and strive for earth's treasures,
Which to them a short time belong.

But the Marys are Life's dreamers,
Who sit alone in the busy mart;
They have visions of God and His splendor—
They have chosen the Better Part!

THE SOUL'S DESIRE.

IN Faith's bright hands God places power,
And gives the purest, clearest mind;
He shows His glory hour by hour,
And gives new sight to earthly blind.

He sees the troubles, trials on earth,
And hears the weary, longing cry;
He knows how sad is this world's mirth,
And how each one does ever sigh.

In the midst of pleasure's greatest joys,
The heart will turn and cry,
And fain would leave earth's deep annoys,
And join the spirits nigh.

In sorrow's mighty darkened hour,
The soul in anguish yearns
To see the Christ in all His power—
'Tis then the spirit turns

And dreams of that great heavenly land,
Where dwells the God of all,
Where angel hosts do ever stand
And sound the trumpet call!

I CLING TO THEE.

OFTTIMES I wander up and down
On earth and stormy sea,
And I am swayed by doubt and fear,
But still I cling to Thee.

Though clouds and billows oft may roll
And vent their rage on me,
Yet Thy Cross mounts above the storm,
And I cling, Lord, to Thee.

Thy holy, pure redeeming love
Streams from Thy Cross so free;
And my soul bowed with care and grief,
Clings closer, Lord, to Thee.

A helpless, drifting soul am I,
On the tide of humanity,
No works nor offerings do I bring,
But simply cling to Thee.

I humbly grasp Thy shining Cross,
And say, "Remember me!"
For Thou hast shed Thy blood for all,
And so I cling to Thee.

The tempter then cries out that grace
Is not for such as me;
With faith I reach unto Thy Cross,
And closer cling to Thee.

Should bitter waves of pain and grief
Surge out from sin's dark sea,
I'll hold fast to Thy Cross of love,
And cling, O God, to Thee.

What need I fear from all the world?
Thy grace will set me free;
Through storm or sunshine, life or death,
I'll cling, Lord God, to Thee!

THE SONG OF TRUST.

I SING this song of perfect trust
Throughout each hour and day—
My soul sings on nor falters,
Though dark may seem the way,

“Trusting am I on Thee, Lord,
Trusting from day to day,
Trusting on Thee, Lord Jesus,
I’m trusting all the way!”

Though I must leave this earthly clay,
And my body lie in dust—
My soul shall still sing on to God
Its song of perfect trust.

Free as the sun, and clouds and air,
I’ll mount on gleaming wing,
And enter through the pearly gates,
As this song of trust I sing.

Angels shall then join in the song,
Through Heaven’s courts so broad,
And sing the soul’s sweet song of trust—
The love and peace of God.

PEACE.

PEACE, flowing down in crystal streams,
From the Father's throne above;
Flooding over my soul in waves
Of holy, infinite love.

Peace, which passes all understanding,
Is streaming within my soul;
Bringing my heart to my Saviour—
Jesus, life's heavenly goal.

Wonderful peace, wafting me on
To the soul's true home above;
Casting my burdens behind me,
Resting in infinite love.

Now I have learned to look on death,
As the soul's great true release—
For beyond the grave I shall rest
In the arms of eternal peace.

Peace the wonderful gift of God,
Sent from the Father above;
Sweeping ever into my soul
In waves of infinite love.

Peace, bringing my soul to Jesus,
From worldly cares and alarms,
Into the light of His glory,
Into my Father's arms.

THE SOUL'S YEARNING.

O HIGHER yet, Lord Jesus—
Much higher would I climb,
Past all Life's hills and valleys,
To Thy great Land sublime.

Then higher yet my Saviour
Would I mount on my way,
For my spirit ever wearies
To leave this house of clay.

Earthly ties bind and enchain—
But my soul longs to be
Strong to burst all barriers,
And meet Eternity.

Lord! Thou knowest I would climb
Through time and endless space,
For my soul is seized with longing
To behold Thy face!

I wander through Life's Highway,
I see its gold and dross—
And I know that nought endures,
Save Thy Ransom on the Cross.

So oft my soul with sadness
Looks on this house of clay—
Till I remember all my sins
Thy blood has washed away.

Lord! I often marvel
That for me Thou should'st care—
For I am so unworthy
Thy wondrous love to share.

Then my soul with rapture fills,
And with gladness mounts the way—
For I know Thy hand will guide me
To the Hills of Brightest Day.

So higher yet, Lord Jesus,
Would my soul ever mount
To partake the Living Waters,
Of which Thou art the Fount!

Lord! my spirit fills with longing
To meet my loved ones dear—
Their souls are knit to mine by love,
Which banishes all fear.

And my spirit ever longs
To haste and cleave the sky,
And dwell in Thy great City,
With the Angel Hosts on high.

To be with Thee, my Saviour—
My Christ who died for me,
That I and all my loved ones
Might have Eternity!

O GOD ABOVE.

O God above!
Thou God of Love!
Send forth to us
Thy blessedness,
That we may learn
To ever spurn
 The wrong!

Teach us to know
Thy goodness so,
That we may bring
Life's offering;
With glad acclaim
Thou art the same
 Forever!

Thy ways are not
The ways we sought;
Thou know'st the earth,
And givest birth;
We lift our eyes
Beyond the skies
 To Thee!

O God above!
Our God of Love!
On us ne'er frown,
Send blessings down;
Though we oft stray,
We humbly pray,
 "Forgive!"

LIFE'S GOLDEN AND SILVER SEAS.

OFTTIMES I sail through Silver Seas
Of Tears and Blighted Hope;
And Clouds of Despair pass o'er my Bark,
As I steer at the helm and grope,

And gaze on high for God's Guiding Star
To beckon to me the way;
"O steer my Boat through Sin's Dark Seas!"
I to Christ, my Pilot, pray.

Then the Storms of Despair all pass away,
And my Boat sails gladly on
Through the sparkling, Golden Seas of Love,
Till the trials of life are gone.

Many boats pass and touch mine own,
As I sail on the Ocean of Life;
Some shout encouragement—others but scorn,
And oft to sail is weary strife.

Sometimes I see boats sinking
In the raging Seas of Sin—
Then I reach my hand with Love's bright faith,
And pull the wanderer in,

And bid him look up to God's Guiding Star,
Which shines in the heavens blue;
And steer his course from the Seas of Despair,
And sail to the bright goal true.

When my boat has sailed all the Golden Seas,
And has come to Eternity,
I'll cast out my jewelled Anchor of Hope—
When the Summons comes to me.

And God's Angels will pull my Boat ashore,
As my loved ones around me stand;
And I'll enter into the Pilot's Great Home,
To sing with the Angel Band!

So I'll still sing on as I steer my Boat,
And journey Life's Seas along;
What care I if the way seems drear?
I'll meet my great Pilot with song!

SHOW ME THY WONDROUS GRACE.

SHOW me Thy wondrous grace,
Christ God above!
Send to my thirsting soul
Showers of love.

Let Faith's bright, golden clouds
Flood o'er my soul;
Send Thy rich mercies down,
To make me whole.

Comfort me ever, Lord,
From sorrow's night;
Give to my weary soul
Love's message bright.

Oh! in affliction's hour,
Be Thou my Stay;
Stand ever at my side,
I humbly pray.

And when I leave this earth,
Hold Thou my hand,
Then I will fear no ill,
At Death's command.

But with Thee at my side,
I'll haste away,
And enter Thy bright Home
Of endless day!

THE SOUL'S PRAYER.

LORD! Lord! Lord, Thou knowest
I am but made of clay,
And soon this mortal body
Will die and fade away!

But Thou hast breathed into
This weak frame of dust,
Thy holy, quickening Spirit,
Which gives to me my trust.

Have patience ever with me—
I am but as a babe,
Who grasps the gaudy plaything
That has a bright-hued shade.

So I do grasp earth's follies,
Which are dazzling to mine eyes,
And turn from Thy pure teachings,
Thy counsel, kind and wise.

And oh! how oft I stumble
As I journey on my way—
I'm as a babe, which first creeps,
Then stronger grows each day.

And as a babe does hold the hand
Of the one who helps it walk—
So I do place my hand in Thine—
Thou art my spirit's Rock!

Then, Lord on me have pity—
For I am nought but dust!
But Thou gavest me my spirit,
Which looks to Thee with trust.

And oh! Lord God, Thou knowest
This mind cannot conceive
Half of Thine infinite glory—
But my soul does believe!

Father above! Thou seest
How darkened is my sight!
I know not Thy bright visions—
For all to me is night!

And so these ears cannot hear
The songs the angels sing—
For I am deaf, dumb and blind
To the wonders of my King!

Save oft my soul looks forth
Through its earthly bars of clay,
And fain would grasp Thy boundless love—
And be with Thee for aye.

And thus my soul entreats—
As it thinks and longs for Thee,
“Saviour! Lord! when I stray,
Say Thou’lt remember me!

“Oh! make these eyes to see Thy glory!
Cause this mind to understand!
Have these ears to hear the Voices
From Thy great, blessed Land!”

Then, Lord! Lord! Lord, forget not
Thy child who prays to Thee!
For Thou art my spirit’s Father—
I am Thine for Eternity!

GOD THE FATHER.

WHEN with life I am weary,
And each day I fear,
Lo, an Angel whispers,
“Soul, the Lord is near!

“God, the Father,
God, the Son,
God, the Holy Ghost—
Blest Three in One!

“Soul, when grief assails thee
And Death calls away
Each loved one from thy life—
God will ever stay!”

Often when I wonder
Why am I on earth?
I hear the Angel whisper,
“Soul, God gave thee birth!

“Soul, thou art preparing
For the Life Beyond—
And to give thee Heaven,
Jesus rent Death's bond!

“Soul, God ever bids thee
Cast away thy fear,
Speak to thy Creator,
He is ever near!

“God, the Father,
God, the Son,
God, the Holy Ghost,
Blest Three in One!”

O VOICE OF AGES.

O VOICE of Ages comfort me,
I'm weary of earth's strife;
I crave for Thy great holy peace,
And for the Better Life.

Great Voice of Ages speak to me
In silv'ry accents sweet;
O tell me of Thy blessed Home,
And Thy great Mercy Seat.

Sweet Voice of Ages, healing balm,
I feel Thy Presence near—
The mystic music of Thy Voice
Casts out each earthly fear.

Unseen Thou standest at my side—
Unseen by earth-bound eyes—
Yet my spirit knows and loves Thee,
And for Thy Presence sighs.

My being fills with glad content,
Enraptured with Thy Voice;
Thy Presence overshadows me,
And in it I rejoice.

I listen gladly to Thy Voice,
From out earth's shadows—gloom,
O come and dwell within my soul—
For Thee there's always room!

The door of my soul stands open—
The room is swept and clean—
Lord, enter and dwell within me,
And be the Guest Unseen!

O Voice of Ages! as the dawn
Of a golden sunrise rare,
Thou enter'st then into my soul,
And dwellest with me there!

Thou giv'st me love and holy peace,
Though I empty-handed stand—
For on the Cross Thou'st died for me,
And burst away Death's band.

Should I err from Thy shining path,
And blindly walk sin's way—
O call me with Thy mystic Voice,
Back to Thee when I stray!

I fall, I strive, I reach, I mount
From earthly chains and fears;
And I pray ever to Thee, Lord,
My solace through life's years!

O Voice of Ages! Thy sweet tones
Like music fill my soul—
Nor pain, nor grief, nor death I'll fear—
Thy Presence makes me whole!

THE PURE MIND IS THE RICHEST
PEARL.

THE pure mind is the richest pearl
E'er found on Life's Highway;
Brightly it gleams in its setting of faith—
And but purer it grows each day.

It is set in the round golden ring of time
And eternity having no end;
Shedding o'er all its calm, lustrous rays,
And it God will ever defend.

The pure mind soars up high above
Past doubt and sinners' dark scorn.
It dwells not on tales of unclean minds,
For its thoughts are of the glad morn

When it shall leave its earthly clay,
And its soul's pure wings shall unfold,
And ascend with the angels to God above,
To dwell in the City of Gold.

The pure mind on earth oft may be mocked,
But when Death's solemn hour draws near—
The sinner's prayer is to hear the pure one,
To whom God's truths are ever so dear.

O pure ones on earth! Ye are bright as the
sun—

Ye are the oasis on Life's desert way!
And sin and its minions will pass you by,
For ye shall rejoice on God's Great Day!

And outside of the Gates of God's City fair,
Stand weeping the unclean and vile ones of
earth—

"Lord! Lord!" they cry, "that we might again
pray,
For despise we now all the World's impure
mirth!"

YOUTH.

THE eternal spirit of Youth
Shall eagerly spread God's truth;
With wisdom imparted from on high,
Shall teach each heart how to die.

O Youth! O Youth! O glorious Youth,
Which trusts profoundly in God's truth,
Nor seeks to dictate to God on high,
But points triumphantly to the sky!

And God loves Youth, and will ever feel
Love, love and mercy for Youth's brave zeal—
O Youth with the bright and sparkling eye,
When thy wisdom is given from on high

It will cheer and help each weary heart,
For at Youth's haste and music all shall start,
And remember the days ere sorrow had come
And dimmed their love of God and home.

The young, the pure in heart shall stand
Forever and ever at God's right hand—
For when His gifts of joy are given,
The bonds of toil and age are riven.

And Youth which dwells in Heaven above,
Responds and sings God's songs of love!
O Youth! O Youth! O glorious Youth,
Which trusts profoundly in God's truth!

THE CHILDREN.

IN the beautiful World
Where God dwells on high,
There are millions of children,
Who no more shall die.

The flowerets of earth,
The lambs of the fold,
Who were tenderly gathered,
From winter's bleak cold.

And the children all sing
A wonderful song,
While the babes sweetly lisp,
"To God we belong!"

And the Shepherd gathers
His lambs to His breast;
And smoothes their bright tresses,
As He lulls them to rest.

For the great loving Father
 Guards each lamb with care,
And the glories of Heaven,
 The children all share.

Oh! in God's perfect land
 Are scenes of such joy—
For there is no more pain,
 Or earth's sad annoy.

There are mansions and cities
 In God's shining Fold—
Not half of its glories
 To earth have been told!

SOMEWHERE, SOMETIME.

SOMEWHERE for me is waiting
A beautiful mansion bright;
Somewhere in Heaven I'll find
My soul's great pure delight.

Somewhere, sometime,
With my Saviour I shall be;
For when my mansion is ready,
The angels will beckon me.

Somewhere I'll join my loved ones,
Those who have gone before;
Somewhere I'll meet my Saviour,
On the great eternal shore.

Somewhere for me will be rest,
Rest from life's weary strife;
Somewhere I'll dwell with Jesus,
In the wonderful better life.

THE ANGEL'S CALL.

O COME with me! O come with me!
I know a land of purity,
Where Love and Truth will always shine—
The Holy Light from the Divine!

O come with me and haste away,
And on this earth no longer stay;
I'll bring thee to God's blessed Land,
To sing with His bright angel band.

O come with me beyond the stars,
Away from all sin's weary bars;
O leave thine earthly house of clay,
And enter realms of endless day.

O come with me, our God is there—
The Christ who answers every prayer,
And thy loved ones—those gone before,
Shall greet thee on the heavenly shore.

O come with me, and thou shalt sing
Before thy great eternal King,
And tread the streets of shining gold,
And dwell in peace in God's blest Fold.

O come with me, join in the song
Of ransomed souls who fear no wrong;
O enter through Death's jewelled Gate—
Bright angel hosts to greet thee wait.

O come with me and see thy God,
Whose paths are just, whose love is broad
As earth, and sky, and boundless sea—
Yea, broad as all Eternity!

O come with me! Dear one, I wait
And patiently stand by Life's Gate,
Till God shall say to summon thee
To Heaven for Eternity.

Then thou shalt come with me, loved one—
For when God calls, thy race is run!
Should He call through the night or day,
I shall hear, for at thy side I stay.

With delight I shall take thee there,
And thou thy Saviour's love will share!
"Lord! haste the day! I longing wait
To bring my Charge through Heaven's Gate!"

VOICES FROM HEAVEN ARE CALLING
ME.

WHY should I ever falter,
And my heart be sore distressed?
For I know at the end of my journey,
Lies God's perfect rest.

Voices from Heaven are calling me,
I hear the voices where'er I be;
Through mist or sun, or wind-tossed sea,
Voices from Heaven are calling me.

Though I may oft be discouraged,
Yet my song shall never cease;
For I know at the end of my journey,
Lies God's perfect peace.

O my soul is overflowing,
With rest and peace from above;
For I know at the end of my journey,
Comes God's perfect love.

THE SOUL'S TRIUMPH.

SWEET heavenly peace from God
Which floods into my soul,
And brightens all my pathway
To Heaven's shining goal!

I stand on Time's great threshold,
Betwixt this life and death—
For I am but a piece of clay
Filled with Thy holy breath.

And when, Lord, Thou shalt bid me
To enter Life's New Birth—
The great silver cord will break,
That binds my soul to earth.

I will mount to gleaming heights
Of love and holy peace;
My soul triumphantly will sing
Of grace that will not cease.

Far past the realms of Death—
Past sea and stormy tide,
I'll mount to glorious day,
And with Thee I'll abide.

What though I'm as the humblest
Throughout the earth's broad land—
I know that Thou dost love me,
And at Thy side I'll stand!

Like as a bird imprisoned,
For freedom pines and sighs—
But when released, with gladness
Soars gaily to the skies.

So when Thou'lt give the summons
To leave this earth-bound clay,
My soul on glistening wing
Will gladly haste away.

And soaring far past the skies—
Leaving Death's solemn bond,
I'll joyfully meet Thee, Lord,
In Thy great, pure Beyond!

And when mine eyes see at last
The beauty of Thy face—
I'll sing the great Song of Songs,
"I'm pardoned by Thy grace!"

THE LAST VOYAGE.

WHEN my earthly course is finished,
And Life's Great Battle won—
My Guardian Angel will whisper,
"Behold, thy race is run!"

Then I will take my Boat of Faith,
And launch out on Death's Sea;
With white-robed Angels at the helm—
Sent by God to pilot me.

With trust I'll grasp my silver oars,
As the Angel Guides will steer,
And I'll sing with glad thanksgiving
That God and Heaven are near.

I'll paddle through the rippling waves,
And the sun-glanced shining foam,
With the Cross of Jesus waving high,
While I sail for God's Great Home.

When my Boat has reached the glist'ning Shore,
I'll alight on the golden strand,
And gaze on the New Jerusalem,
As my loved ones clasp my hand.

And the Angel Host will joyfully sing,
"Here is a soul that God did save!
A faithful heart—tried well on earth,
Where is thy victory now, O Grave?"

And I shall stand in a pure white robe,
With a spiritual body, new and fair;
And I shall see my great Redeemer,
Whose love has banished every care.

As with His radiant smile He'll say,
"Here is thy Crown of Pearls and Stars—
For thou did'st trust me on the earth,
And to My love there are no bars!"

Then the Angel Host will join in the song,
"Thou'rt redeemed by thy gracious King!
O Soul, thou'lt dwell with us for aye,
And cleave the sky on gleaming wing!"

THE SHEPHERD.

THE Shepherd walked in the garden,
On to the close of day;
Many of His flock were scattered,
And from Him gone astray.

But the lambs came rushing to Him,
Into His tender arms;
He gently clasped them to His breast,
Safe from the world's alarms.

He called to His wandering sheep,
Those who had left the fold,
"Come unto Me! Thy Saviour calls,
I'll shield thee from storm and cold!"

Many of the sheep heard the Shepherd;
They came to Him limping, sore;
He bound their wounds and they entered
Through the fold's great open door.

The Shepherd called to His lost sheep,
"I patiently for thee wait,
Make haste, for soon I must close and bar
The fold's great open gate!"

PALMS—CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

PALMS, palms, green palms,
In honor of God, the King;
Children joyfully waving palms,
While "Hosanna!" they sing.

Meek, lowly, on an ass—
And the colt following behind,
Rides Jesus, King of Life,
The Great All Wise Mind.

Crowds, crowds, throng the way,
Spreading their clothes on the ground;
Casting down branches of trees,
To honor the King uncrowned.

Shouting, "Blessed is He that cometh
Here in the name of our God!
Hosanna to Him in the highest—
Spread the glad tidings abroad!"

Throngs rush to Jerusalem's gate,
Shouting, "Who is this?"
And the crowds exultingly sing,
"'Tis God from His home of bliss!"

Birds, birds warbling "Hosanna!"

The rocks are moved at the sound;
And hosts of white-robed angels
Bow low to the ground.

But the Christ smiles sadly
On the wild exulting throng,
For He knows that many are there
Who will thirst for His life ere long!

Blind, blind, blind they were
To the great love of God!
Who came and dwelt amongst them,
And sorrow's path oft trod.

Lo! He entered into Jerusalem,
Not on a stately, prancing steed,
But on an ass—to show the world
Humility's love was their need!

Rejoice! Rejoice! O children of earth!
Let the heavens and world all ring—
For soon again shall come to you,
Jesus, your glorious King.

Crowned in majesty on His Throne,
Surrounded by angels bright;
And Sin and War shall fade away
From the Presence of God's light.

THROUGHOUT THE BLARE OF SOUNDING TRUMPETS.

THROUGHOUT the blare of sounding trumpets,
And mighty charging steeds,
Thy voice, as clear as rushing waters,
Fills all my spirit's needs.

Almighty God whose heart is tempered
With perfect love divine,
Through all this world's great upheaval,
Does Thy pure mercy shine!

Far above clouds and lightning flashes,
Thou'rt seated on Thy throne;
And Thou art weighing all the nations,
Who are with discord sown.

Out of war's great tribulation,
Good shall come from ill,
For when the fires of hate are quenched
Man shall obey Thy will.

I hear the sound of joybells pealing
Throughout the starlit sky;
And angel voices glad acclaiming,
That Thou, O God, art nigh.

Look up, O war-torn earth, rejoice!
And hearts filled with despair!
For God's great reign of love is coming,
To banish every care.

THE CALL.

FAR past the silent tomb,
Where lilies grow and bloom,
 We call!
Keep up, keep up the fight!
Crush despotism's might,
Be firm for God and right,
 Or fall!

Midst storm of shot and shell,
We suffered, fought and fell
 For you!
In unknown graves we lie,
For freedom proud to die,
Our spirits to you cry,
 Be true!

Press onward in the fight,
Strive to the beacon light
 Above!
What matter if you die?
There is a home on high,
Far past the boundless sky,
 Of love!

Great deeds must still be wrought,
And battles grimly fought,
Fight on!
From death there shall arise
Across the leaden skies,
With glad triumphant cries,
The Dawn!

THE BATTLE OF THE FLOWERS.

IN the World's Great Garden there grew
A Lily and Rose so fair,
Each formed in a wondrous manner,
And blessed by God's loving care.

The pure white Lily of France
Lifted its stately head—
But was crushed and trampled underfoot
By the cruel Invader's tread.

The bright red Rose of England
Wafted its perfume rare,
And whispered, "Brother, I'll help you,
My Buds your trials will share!"

The Rose Buds left the Garden,
And were wafted across the Sea—
The Shamrock and Thistle joined them,
And said, "We will fight with thee!"

They lifted the broken Lily,
And whispered, "Be not afraid!
Though the Germans have spoiled thy Garden,
Yet God will give thee aid!"

Many of the Flowers were trampled,
And their Petals lay crushed on the ground;
But the Blossoms left still struggled—
When they heard a rushing sound

Of whispering trees from the Northland,
And the Leaves came rustling down,
And the Maples sighed, "We heard you,
As we grew in each hamlet and town!"

The many-tinted Maple Leaves
Helped the Roses and Lilies sad,
Till their strength was ebbing, and they prayed
To the Gardener that help might be had.

And the Gardener plucked the Golden Rod—
A plain, yellow, common Flower,
And He said, "This new Blossom
Will to you prove a Tower!"

"Though it were slow to help you,
And worshipped the Gold of its Rod—
Yet now this great Columbia
Knows I alone am its God!"

“Freely the Golden Rod grows,
Untended by mankind's hand,
But now, with the Lilies and Roses,
And Maples, it shall stand!”

Then all the Flowers lifted their heads,
And crushed the Invader's power—
For they knew that God, the Gardener,
Would strengthen them hour by hour!

BRITAIN FOREVER AND GOD OVER ALL.

I LOOKED on the many battlefields,
Where countless graves are found,
With their little rough-hewn crosses,
Which dot the world around.

And I said, "O dead of the British Isles,
And your Empire beyond the seas,
Far you've wandered from home and love,
To bring Slavery to its knees!"

Even as I spoke around me stood
Spiritual forms—fair and bright,
And they said, "Our bodies are buried here—
But we've arisen and left earth's night!"

And they sang,
"O friends on earth,
Send forth this clarion call—
"Britain, Britain forever,
And God over all!"

I looked on the mighty oceans,
And the many rivers and seas—
And I thought of the thousands buried there,
To bring Slavery to its knees!

But as I pondered, I beheld
Shining throngs around me stand,
And they said, "Our bodies are buried here—
But we dwell in God's Great Land!

And they sang,
"O friends on earth,
Send forth this clarion call—
"Britain, Britain forever,
And God over all!"

Then I beheld a wondrous Choir
On earth, and sea, and sky,
Who stood in pure Redemption's robes—
Saved—no more to die.

A vast throng who came to earth,
With gifts from God, their King,
Who came to dry their loved ones' tears,
And blessings to them bring.

And they sang,
"O friends on earth,
Send forth this clarion call—
"Britain, Britain forever,
And God over all!"

FRANCE.

O FRANCE! Thou hast been trampled,
Salt-strewn with briny tears,
Thy homes burnt—thy people murdered,
Yet thy brave heart fights on—nor fears!

Once thou wert careless and gay,
And Pleasure's flaunting Flag didst wave—
But now—thou dost look to God on high,
And with prayer face the grave!

For the red, red Lilies of Blood and Flame
Have sprung o'er thy smiling land—
Thy soil is crimson with thy dead,
Who fell at Duty's command.

Thy hills and valleys have been swept
With murder, blood and fire,
With smoking ruins, and savage lust—
Caused by treacherous German ire!

But thy sons and daughters who have died,
And are buried beneath the sod,
Have risen—and in their hands they hold
White Lilies of Peace to God!

White Lilies of Love, of Virtue, Faith,
Shall spring o'er thy land anew—
Washed and cleansed by the blood of thy slain,
Who to Freedom's Cause were true.

Fear not, fair France! the strong right Arm
Of God shall never fail—
For the Lord will help thee trample Wrong,
And Right, it shall prevail!

Then France, lift up thy grief-bowed head—
Thou art young again once more—
For thou hast been reborn in the trial
Of ruin 'mid the Battle's roar.

Thou hast been purged and purified,
And Thou shalt stand upright—
For the Lord God will send to thee
His Holy Guiding Light!

GREAT HEART, AMERICA.

GREAT heart, America! Strong, undaunted, free,
May all thy sons and daughters ever be!
Truth's flaming torch wave aloft on high,
Help all the nations who for freedom sigh!

Onward! Advance! Be foremost in the fight!
Strive for the higher goal of truth's pure light!
Teach to thy children love's great chivalry—
The fount of faith, of hope, and liberty!

May thy starry flag ever proudly fly—
And each star e'er point to aspirations high!
Help those who toil—for all enact just laws,
Make thy children's welfare thy holy cause!

Then God the King shall gladly ever pour
Rich gifts on thee from east to western shore!
In peace and honor thou shalt reign and be
The home of love, and truth, and liberty!

COLUMBIA'S SONG.

OH, hear our bugles calling
Across the distant seas!
Oh, hear our song triumphant
Which is floating on the breeze!
Columbia's mighty Army
Is marching thousands strong—
From East, West, North and South,
We are singing this true song—

“’Tis Glory! Glory! Glory!
Glory to God on High!
In His great Army we're marching—
For Him we'll fight or die!”

And o'er our heads is gleaming
The “Stars and Stripes” unfurled—
While we are sending this Message
To our Comrades through the World—
“Stand fast! Stand fast! We're coming,
Ten thousand, thousand strong!
For we are marching gladly
To help to banish Wrong.”

“ ’Tis Glory! Glory! Glory!
Glory to God on High!
In His great Army we’re marching—
For Him we’ll fight or die!”

We’ll stand with Britain’s Banner,
And France’s Colors true—
Then all will be united
’Neath the Red, the White, the Blue!
We’re coming fast to help you,
Across the deep, wide sea—
We’ll clasp your hands as Brothers
In Love’s Fraternity!

“ ’Tis Glory! Glory! . Glory!
Glory to God on High!
In His great Army we’re marching—
For Him we’ll fight or die!”

THE LAND OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

O, BRIGHT Land of the Southern Cross,
Weep not for all thy slain—
They are not dead, but risen
From off Gallipoli's plain!

Australia and New Zealand,
Thy true, brave trusting heart
Is not forgotten, for thy sons
In God's Great War took part!

For they with faithful hearts rushed forth
To serve Humanity's Call—
They heard the cry of the boastful foe,
And gave their lives—their all!

And thou hast seen Gethsemane,
O Land of the Southern Cross—
Thou gavest thy life for thy brethren,
And counted earth's ways but dross!

And high as the Southern Cross
Reaches Realms of Light and Love—
So thy faithful slain have joined
The ransomed souls above.

What though their bones lie whitening
'Neath Turkish blazing sun,
They are not dead, but risen—
For they the Race have won!

Count not that these are fallen,
Who trusted on their God—
They live with Christ Eternal,
Far from earth's sin-scorched sod.

O broken hearts, ye Anzacs!
Mourn not for all your slain—
For they who ever loved their God,
Are free from death and pain.

And their great, true Memorial
Is the Southern Cross on high,
Which reaches far above the clouds
To those who were proud to die!

And not to die! for they have left
Life's School on earth below—
A willing sacrifice they gave,
And now their God they know!

CANADA.

Proudly she stands
Before all lands
As the Queen of Liberty!
Her head crowned bright
With the Northern Light,
And she reigns from sea to sea!

One hand doth rest
On her golden West,
With its waving fields of wheat—
One hand on the East,
With its mineral feast,
Which she lays at her children's feet.

She firmly stands
On her Border Lands,
As she kindly greets her Neighbor;
Her bracing air
Her children share,
And with strength go forth to labor.

'Neath her sunny skies
No heart e'er cries,
For she guards each one with love,
And says, "Leave care,
And bow in prayer,
Give thanks to our God above!

"And say, 'Lord still
Teach us Thy will,
That we may always look to Thee!
From Heaven above,
Lord God send love,
And bless our Land from sea to sea!"

She takes in her hand,
As she guards her strand,
A Wreath of her Maple Leaves,
And says to each one
'Neath Canadian sun,
"When thou'rt away and thy spirit grieves

"For my wondrous Land,
And God blest strand,
Which welcomes and ne'er deceives—
Then I will fling
Memory's bright wing
O'er thee with my Maple Leaves!

“At this magic wand,
My children fond
Start from the ends of the earth,
And come to my Land,
My golden strand—
To the Land which gave them birth!”

As a beacon light
Stands Canada bright
In the shelter of God's love—
He guards in His arms,
Secure from alarms,
And blesses Her from above!

CANADIAN ANTHEM.

God bless our native land,
Strong may she ever stand,
 Our Canada!
Land of the maple leaf,
Land of the golden sheaf,
Land of all lands the chief.
 Our Canada!

Land where the shamrock grows,
The thistle and the rose,
 And fleur-de-lys.
In her all hearts unite
To dwell 'neath her skies bright,
And find freedom and right
 In Canada.

May God rich mercies show,
And blessings e'er bestow
 On Canada.
And o'er her prairies wide,
O'er mountains, lakes and tide,
May peace and love abide
 On Canada.

God bless our native land,
Peace dwell within her strand,
 . Fair Canada!
And may she ever be
Filled with prosperity,
The home of liberty,
 Our Canada!

FAR ON THE FIELDS WHERE THE LILIES GROW.

FAR on the fields where the lilies grow,
Far they went to meet the foe;
Their bodies are lying 'neath the sod,
But their souls triumphant went to God.

To the kind Father who gave His life,
That the World might learn to banish strife!
O Dwellers on Earth, why do ye sigh?
For Jesus of Nazareth is passing by!

Passing by through the ravaged lands,
Holding the sad, outstretched hands,
Blessing those who call on His name—
For Jesus of Nazareth is ever the same!

The same to the dying and fatherless,
Calling them home to God's blessedness;
Bidding them come and suffer no more—
For wide is the Gate and open the Door!

BRITAIN'S NAVY.

WHO hath entrusted to Britain
The guardianship of the seas?
Who but the Mighty Ruler,
Who holds the Ocean's Keys.
He hath allowed to Britain
A wondrous Navy strong,
Whose battleships in grim array
Patrol the seas from wrong.

Britain, whose giant dreadnoughts
Sail every ocean wave;
And whose brave-hearted sailors
With courage face the grave.
A Land whose swift submarines
Dart 'neath the seas along,
And whose fleet-winged aircraft
Mount with a whirring song.

Britain whose Navy rushes forth
In battle's proud array;
The greatest Navy known on earth—
But not too great to pray

And ask for God's helping hand
To guide them on the sea.
From the admiral to the sailor boy—
Each prays on bended knee.

And God who walks the Mighty Deep
In Righteousness secure,
Beholds her fearless Navy
Who valiantly endure
Stern pain and bitter hardship,
Or death in an ocean grave—
Yet they ever reach a helping hand
Their enemies to save.

And He says, "O Sea Lion of the Deep,
I'll guard thee sure and well—
Though all the World rise 'gainst thee,
E'en from the Gates of Hell!
I'll guard thee for thy faithful heart
Which patrols the seas from wrong;
And thy mighty Empire shall blossom forth
With My Millennium Song!"

ERIN.

LIKE an emerald set in the Ocean,
Lies Erin, sweet Erin asthore;
And the dancing sunbeams come smiling
To kiss her fair, verdant shore.

While Angels play on her sweet-toned Harp,
Twined with shamrocks of soft-tinted green,
I sing to her as I wander along
Through each beautiful, sylvan scene.

“O sturdy North and warm-hearted South,
Soon you'll be hand in hand,
From the Giant's Causeway—past Shannon's
banks,
United through all the land!

“For God shall clasp your hands together,
The shamrock is a sign to you—
One leaf for the North—one leaf for the South—
And the centre for God so true!

“And your lads and colleens who’ve wandered
O’er each distant, foreign shore,
Shall ever remember, with joyful hearts,
That Erin is parted no more!

“ When they think of the tender, green shamrock,
Which springs up from the bright, Irish sod,
They will say with love-moistened eyes,
‘ ’Tis the dear little Symbol from God! ’ ”

SCOTLAND.

I'VE travelled mony countries,
And gied them all a test,
But its oh! for bonny Scotland,
That my heart loves the best!

The thistle and the bluebell,
And the purple-tinted heather,
Are all entwined around my heart,
Wi' Scotland friends forever!

O'er the beauty of her scenery,
My heart wi' rapture thrills;
She has such glens and moorlands,
And lochs and mountain rills.

There the birdies sing sae blithely,
As the clouds go driftin' by;
An' from the bairns to the auld folk,
All trust in God on high.

Sae staunch are her brave laddies,
Her lassies are sae fair;
All hearts are independent,
And the love o' freedom share.

God guard thee, bonny Scotland,
Through stormy times and peace;
And may His mony blessings
On thee, dear land, ne'er cease!

I'M NEAR THE LAND O' PERFECT DAY.

ON the sodden battlefield,
A Scottish lad dying lay—
But in the midst of pain he murmured,
“I'm near the land o' perfect day!

“O stars that are gleaming on high,
And moon looking calmly down,
Be glad, for I'll soon be receiving
From my Saviour a robe and a crown.

“I know He will welcome me there
In the great land o' the blest,
And He'll send His angels to bring me
To His hame o' perfect rest.

“My mither and faither weep not,
Your laddie will soon be at rest—
I hear the rustling o' angels' wings—
They've come frae the land o' the blest.

“ Oh! I’m longing to kiss you, mither,
Ere I cuddle doon here and rest—
But my ain folks your hearts will be glad
That I’m safe in the land o’ the blest!

“ Though I maun gang awa’ before you,
Yet I know that its a’ for the best—
And I’ll come again and I’ll bring you
To the beautiful land o’ the blest!”

THE ANGELS OF MONS—GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

"COME tread with me," said an Angel's voice,
"The rolling ages of Earth's story,
And I will show thee God's wondrous love,
His justice, might and glory!"
Lo! the Angel with his shining sword,
Turned back the centuries' Veil—
And I saw Benhadad's army,
Which filled both hill and dale.

With horses, troops, and chariots,
His hordes swept o'er the land,
And sought to take Samaria—
'Twas besieged at his command.
Then Israel said, "Let not they
Who gird their armor on boast
As the Victors who put it off—
God will help us against your host!"

At their defiance Benhadad was wroth,
And cried, "I will crush you to the dust,
And your puny Army I will destroy—
I scorn your God on whom you trust!"
But God heard and helped Israel's Army
Of seven thousand who rushed to the fray;
And He gave them power to slay and pursue,
'Till the enemy fled far away.

A year passed and Benhadad said,
"Israel's God hath power o'er each hill—
But not o'er the plains!" So he returned
With a great host which the valleys did fill.
As two small flocks was Israel
Before Benhadad's mighty throng,
But with faith in God they bravely battled,
And prayed that He would help them along.

And God said, "I am God Eternal,
The God of each Valley and Hill!"
And He stretched forth His arm and caused
Israel
One hundred thousand to kill!
In terror the enemy fled to a city—
But a wall fell and crushed them there,
And seven and twenty thousand more died,
For mocking the God of Israel's prayer!

The scene was changed, and I beheld

Messengers who cried, "Sad tidings we bring!
Prepare! prepare! a mighty foe is coming
To destroy Judah! Oh, warn the King!"
Then Judah arose and proclaimed a fast.

At their enemies' numbers they were dis-
mayed;
And they cried, "O Ruler of Heaven and Earth,
We beseech Thee give us Thy mighty aid!"

"Lord, in Thy hand is all power and might,
None can withstand Thy majesty!
Thou art ever Thy People's Refuge!
Behold the foe! and Thou can'st see
We are powerless against them,
And we know not which way to turn—
Unless Thou wilt help us in Thy pity—
Lord, teach them Thy might to learn!"

And God listened and said,
"My children, be not with terror dismayed;
Though the Army against you is vast,
Yet Mine is the Battle—be not afraid!
To-morrow go down to the wilderness,
Do not fight—but stand ye still!
And I, your God, shall help you—
If ye have Faith and obey My will!"

On the morrow they marched to the wilderness,
With their singers chanting, "Praise ye the
Lord!"

And as they went on, fearlessly trusting God,
His Angel came with His mighty Sword,
And caused the Foe to fight 'mongst them-
selves—

Then, after slaying their Allies, those of Seir,
The Ammonites and Moabites turned
And slew each other in hatred and fear!

When Judah came to the wilderness,
The place was filled with their Foe—
Vast numbers of dead—for none escaped!
Then Judah in awe the Lord's power did
know!

And they took the Enemy's spoil
Of gold and jewels and apparel to wear;
And gave praise and honor to their God,
Who had heard their humble prayer!

The scene was changed, and I beheld
A great Army on Israel descend,
And make secret ambush against her,
Ere she herself could defend.
But Elisha warned Israel each time,
And they went not that way and were
spared—

Then the Foe sent to Dothan an army,
To kill Elisha a plot they prepared.

Elisha's servant in fear saw the Enemy,
And cried, "Alas, what shall we do?"
But the Prophet calmly said, "Fear not!
To those who trust Him, God is kind and
true!"

And Elisha prayed, "Lord, open his eyes!"
'Twas done! Astonished, the servant could see
That the place was filled with angels,
Chariots of fire, and God in His majesty!

Elisha then prayed, "Lord, smite the Enemy
With blindness, that they will not see!
It was done—and the Foe was blind—
Groping around—till Elisha said, "Follow
me!"

And the Prophet alone led the Army,
Which he brought to Israel's king,
Then said, "Lord, open their eyes that they may
know

It is Thou who hast done this mighty thing!"

Their eyes were opened! and they looked
Around them in wonder and fear—
For they stood in the midst of Israel,
With the People they came to kill, near.

And Israel's king eagerly cried,
"Shall I smite them? They are all in my
hand!"

"Nay!" said Elisha, "smite not thy captives—
Feed them, and send them back to their land!"

The scene was changed, once more I saw
Samaria besieged by a Syrian host;
And famine reigned, so that they who could get
A little food, were favored most.
The people were starving; then Elisha said,
“God hath told me that to-morrow at this
hour,
Shall two measures of barley sell for a shekel,
And for the same price a measure of flour!”

When the King's Favorite heard this he laughed,
“If thou hadst said the Lord would make
Windows in Heaven—this might be!”
“Thou wilt behold!” said Elisha, “but not
partake!”

Outside the Gates of the City
Sat four lepers who cried for bread,
“What matters it if we live or die?
We'll go to the Syrians' Camp!” they said.

In the twilight they stole to the Camp,
To beg food from the Syrian throng;
With wonder they found the tents empty—
And they whispered, “What is wrong?”
For God had caused horses and chariots,
And troops to be heard by the Syrians near,
“Israel hath hired Armies against us!” they
cried,
And fled for their lives in fear.

The Syrians left the Camp as it was—
In panic each ran for his life—
Nor stopped they for horses or asses,
But fled from the great noise of strife!
On, on they went with trembling limbs,
For the Angel Host was behind;
Their greatest warriors shook with fear—
To escape was the thought in each mind!

The lepers in wonder did eat and drink,
As they went from tent to tent,
And buried and hid silver and gold—
Then in awe said, "Not only to us was this
sent!"
So they went to the Gates of the City,
And told that the Foe had fled;
But the King thought, "'Tis a Syrian ruse,
For they know we are starving for bread!"

But two chariots were sent to follow the Foe—
And found no sign of the Syrians' power!
Then the people rushed out to spoil the tents—
For a shekel was sold a measure of flour!
And the King's Favorite who had scorned
What Elisha, the Prophet, had said
Was trampled to death in the City's gates—
When the crowds rushed out for bread!

The scene was changed. Assyria sent
Against Jerusalem an Army vast;
Rabshaketh, their leader, called to the Jews,
“Trust not your God! His power is past!
Have we not conquered every Nation,
Did their gods deliver them there?
Surrender to us and we'll bring you captive
To a land where you'll have no care!”

Then the people prayed, and Isaiah said,
“Be not afraid of Assyria's might;
They shall hear rumors of war,
And return to their land in haste one night!”
Even so, they went back to Assyria,
Where they found their nation in battle sore—
But Sennacherib, their king, sent a letter,
Saying, “Surrender! Your God hath power
no more!”

Jerusalem's king took the letter,
And went into God's Temple of prayer;
And spread it before the Altar, crying,
“O God! Sennacherib Thy power doth dare!
But we know that Thou alone art God!
Save us, O Ruler of Heaven and Earth!
Assyria hath destroyed the gods of all nations,
But they were of wood and stone—of no
worth!”

And God said, "Sennacherib hath blasphemed,
And his words have reached Me on high!"
That night the Angel of the Lord went forth
And smote the Assyrians, ere they could cry.
Next day one hundred and eighty-five thousand
Lay dead in each valley and plain!
And Sennacherib fled to his temple in Nineveh—
Where he was by his two sons slain!

The scene was changed, and I beheld
The German nation proud with learning,
Who worshipped Science and forgot God,
His commands of Love and Mercy spurning.
I saw the Armies which they prepared
To conquer a greater place 'neath the sun—
Then a Voice said, "Not to the Swift is the Race,
Nor by the Strong is the Battle won!"

Suddenly I saw the Germans invade
Belgium, and trample her to the dust;
And pillage and murder the little Nation,
Which had always looked on them with trust!
And their Army in triumph swept on—
Though France and Britain stood at bay—
But the Germans overwhelmed them—
They were well prepared for the fray!

Back to back the British fought,
Ere they fell in their gory grave!
Back to back the French fought,
As France they tried to save!
And the German hordes in triumph rushed on—
As the British and French did retreat;
Inch by inch of ground they left,
Crying, "God in Heaven the Germans defeat!"

And Berlin was bedecked with banners,
For the fall of Paris that day;
Their Kaiser had medals and coins struck,
Which told of victory in his arrogant way.
And he jeered, "Britain, your contemptible
Army
I am trampling to the dust—
And France, I've captured your country—
You have no one on whom to trust!"

But God looked on the bleeding soldiers,
O'erwhelmed by the great German horde—
And He sent His troops of Angels
To turn them back with His Sword!
Lo! a golden mist then fell—
The Germans' horses did snort and start!
And the Angels of God drew their flaming
swords—
On the side of the vanquished took part!

The Angels smote thousands of Germans,
Till their Army in fear fled away—
And they entered not into Paris,
For the Lord had fought them that day!
And the British and French thanked God,
Who had guarded them with His Sword;
Who had fought the Huns at the Battle of Mons,
While the guns and the cannon roared!

And God said, "I am God Eternal!
Where does Earth's science now stand!
Lo, I am God Eternal—
I hold each life in My hand!
Yea, the Germans have boasted in their pride,
They would conquer the World in their 'Day,'
I will stretch forth My hand against them—
Till to Me they humbly pray!

"They have blasphemed My Holy Name!
When they said, 'Gott mit uns!'
They worshipped Me only on their lips—
While they murdered My little ones!
O Nations of Earth, turn back! turn back!
And worship Me—I am your God!
Lest I come upon you unawares,
With My Great Chastening Rod!"

Then the Angel smiled and said to me—
“ Though dark seems the way and drear,
If thou hast faith, behold thousands
Of God’s angels are ever near!
They’ll help and protect thee in Life’s Battle,
For God is thy great, true Friend!
Be not afraid—though thou’rt one against
many—
For God will thee ever defend!”

THE DRINK DEMON.

A POISONOUS Serpent lies uncoiled
O'er every land on earth—
The Demon of Drink, who waits to enslave
Each soul from the hour of its birth!

This Serpent has a lying tongue,
And laughs, "Those who take Liquor do
well!"

While it cunningly knows it waits to destroy—
And many it leads to Hell!

The Drink Demon's body sparkles and shines
With each bright-tinted hue,
It fascinates—but Death lurks near—
And to touch it is to rue.

For untold lives have been stricken
By misery, murder and death—
As Liquor reaches out to enslave
Mankind with its poisonous breath.

O Nations of Earth! countless homes
Have been ruined and crushed in twain,
Not only by War—but by Liquor's hosts—
For with Drink comes grief and pain.

Your jails are full, your homes are poor,
Where Liquor stalks in its might;
Your asylums are filled to the very door,
With those marked by its blight.

You say that Liquor will help you
To fill your coffers with gold—
But you reck not of the misery cast
On suffering millions untold!

O Nations of Earth! how can you hope
To rejoice at God's Great New Birth,
Unless you cast out forever
The Demon of Drink from the earth!

And the Nations who cast not away
Their beer, wine, liquors and all—
Shall crumble down into the dust,
And shall never rise from their fall!

'TIS A LONG ROAD THAT HAS NO
TURNING.

'Tis a long road that has no turning,
'Tis a sad world down here;
But thousands, earthly ways are spurning,
And behold, their God is near!

'Tis the mighty storm with its thunder,
And flashed lightning from the sky—
Then the frightened heart with wonder,
Prays for help from on high.

'Tis the calm, peaceful morrow,
And the still, cooling air—
For the thousands who've known sorrow,
Now call to God in prayer.

'Tis the bright, glorious rainbow,
And the warm, balmy breeze—
For the hearts of men are bending low
To God on their knees.

'Tis a long road that has no turning,
'Tis a bright world down here;
For each their God is now discerning,
And behold, He is near!

ZEPPELIN RAIDS.

A LITTLE home in England
Held so much peace and joy,
For a mother's love did ever guard
Her bright-eyed winsome boy—
A little lad, whose four short years
Were spent upon this earth,
In baby prattle, fond and sweet,
And wide-eyed childish mirth.

And as each night he prayed
To the Lord God on His Throne,
He would clasp his dimpled fingers,
And whisper, "Jesus, bless my home!
And dear Jesus, bless my Daddy;
He's a soldier-man far away,
He's gone to fight for Mother,
And he told me to always pray
And ask You to bless every one,
And all the people across the sea—
'Cause Daddy says they've little girls,
And little boys just like me!"

But as the child was praying,
And the Angels stood listening by—
A Zeppelin stealthily glided
Through the calm, clear English sky,
And hurled a treacherous bomb—
Which crushed the child's fair head—
And in the stricken mother's arms
Her beautiful boy lay dead!
And she would sit and gaze for hours,
In agony dumb and wild,
And kiss a lock of his golden hair—
All that she had of her child!

.

Another home in England,
With its climbing roses sweet,
And its rooms which echoed always
With the tramp of children's feet.
A hearthfire blazing cheerily,
And a mother kind and fair,
Who would gather her children around her,
And offer to God a prayer

For the Husband who was fighting
For his Country, that no more
Should Germany ever threaten
His own loved British shore.

And the Zeppelin stealthily glided
Through the calm, peaceful air,
And dropped a bomb on the little home—
And killed the mother at prayer!
The children screamed in terror,
And the neighbors came at their cry—
But the mother's body was shattered—
She had gone to God on high!

And every day the Children
Would wander far and wide,
And call in grief for their Mother—
They longed to be at her side!
And in letters which they wrote daily,
They childishly would say—
“Dear God, won't you give us our Mother?
She was killed—so you took her away!”
And they would gaze up at the cloudless sky,
And whisper, “Mother might be there
to-day!
She'd come, if she knew how lonesome we are,
With no one to kiss our tears away!”

.

A Hospital of wounded,
Where the sick and dying lay,
Who turned and twisted in their pain,
And suffered from day to day.

And the Zeppelin stealthily glided
Through the calm, peaceful sky,
And dropped great bombs on the helpless—
Ere they could utter a cry!
The tortured, mangled bodies
Lay quivering in their pain—
Till the Angels took their Spirits
To God's Land—where Love does reign!

.
And the Zeppelin stealthily hurried
From the just British ire,
And returned unto their Fatherland—
Where they plotted new murders dire.
And they were hailed as heroes
For killing the helpless and weak—
And each was given an Iron Cross,
And thirsted new laurels to seek!

But God has His Day of Reckoning,
Each deed appears on Life's Book—
The Iron Cross will not avail them,
When on the Great Judge they look!
For the poor helpless ones murdered,
With no chance their lives to save,
Shall stand and accuse them at the Throne—
In the Judgment beyond the Grave!

THE FRENCH AND BELGIAN SLAVES.

WHENCE come these weary throngs?

Where do they sadly go?

Why do they march with grief-bowed heads,
And eyes dull-glazed with woe?

This strange, starving army

Holds weary souls for unknown graves—
Torn from homes in France and Belgium
To be helpless German slaves!

See they are prodded and goaded on,

Treated worse than cattle of earth,
With whip, and sword, and fiendish oath,
And mad satanic mirth!

Sadly they go with stricken hearts

To slave in fields or dark, damp mine,
Or make munition for the hated foe
Who has drenched their land with fury's wine!

The Mother with tear-streaming eyes

Thinks of her loved ones far away,
And prays that God will guard her children
And restore their land to them some day.
The children torn from their parents fond,
To be the slaves of German lust and sin,
Look up and beseech their God on high
That their dear land will justice win.

Sadly the heartbroken people march,
For nought but freedom do they crave;
But the Huns in their vain, pompous pride,
Would give all France and Belgium—the
grave!

They boasted, "We will crush every Nation,
And wipe each Land out in 'The Day'—
For nought but Germans shall rule the Earth,
The World shall cringe to what we say!"

But God has seen the rivers of tears
Wrung from the World's sad heart;
He has seen the Armenians murdered,
While the Huns and their Allies took part!
He has seen the drowning sailors
When they struggled their lives to save,
While the treacherous foe shot at them,
As they sank in the ocean wave!

Shall man on earth his brother condemn
As a slave for his pleasure and gain?
"Nay!" saith the Lord, "I will put upon him
The mark of the murderer Cain!"

I stand not on Earth as the God of War—
I stand as Justice and Peace!

I will make his name a reproach upon Earth—
My Judgment on him shall not cease!"

THE BELGIAN MOTHER.

“MOTHER, my Mother,
Your hair is white!
Where are your tresses
Once golden and bright?
Your eyes are faded,
Which were so blue,
And your dear face
Is careworn too!”

And the Mother said,
In tears to her child,
“Dearest, this heart
Has seldom smiled!
Once we were carefree
As the sea’s foam,
Thy Father, thy Brother,
Thy Sisters at home.

“When, like a bolt
From a calm, peaceful sky,
We heard that the Germans
On Belgium were nigh,

To destroy our Country,
If we checked their advance
On our generous Neighbors—
The dear land of France!

“I said to thy Father
And Brother so brave,
‘Go! fight the Hun’s Army,
Our Neighbor to save!
Dear ones, I’ll miss you—
I see but the grave—
But, beloved, you must help
The World’s liberty save!”

“They went, and I kissed them
My last fond farewell,
And soon the Hun’s vengeance
On poor Belgium fell!
Their grey-coated soldiers
Took our home one day—
Thy two little Sisters
Were laughing at play.

“They seized my two Children—
Though I tried them to save,
And with bayonets they killed them!
Their hate I did brave,

And fought for my loved ones,
As a tigress at bay—
But they clubbed and they mocked me,
And laughed, 'Tis the Day!

“They cut off this arm,
When I tried thee to save!
Oh! kinder than German hate
Is the deep, yawning grave!
I seized thee and fled
With thee clasped in my arm—
From the towns which were burning,
Away from all harm!

“I would gladly have died
Where thy brave Father lies,
And thy Brother and Sisters—
But I thought of your cries!
You were my dear babe,
The last left on earth,
I must guard and help you,
For to you I gave birth!

“Dear Child, I've told you
Why my hair's white as snow;
But each day we're nearer
To God's land I know;
Where we'll meet thy Father,
And my Children so fair,
Where the Lord reigns in glory—
We'll be at rest there!”

THE SOLDIERS' JUDGMENT.

'NEATH the battlefields of France,
Sleep a mighty throng;
And o'er their resting place the birds
Carol many a song.

The sun shines forth on countless graves,
The grass springs up anew,
The lilies lift their stately heads
O'er all—Red, White and Blue.

There Briton, Gaul, and Teuton lie—
All comrades 'neath the sod;
Their souls have left the battlefields
For Judgment from their God.

For Christ Jesus judges every soul
Impartially and true;
He loves His own from every clime—
Be they white or darkest hue.

He scorns the haughty ones of earth,
The treacherous and the cruel,
And those who rob from woman's life—
Her virtue—her bright jewel.

For such Jehovah does send forth
With Judgment deep and sure—
They are punished then for their misdeeds,
And cast from the Angels pure.

But those who bravely tried to help
The wounded and dying along,
And prayed to God, though the way was dark—
Are carried to Heaven with song.

For kind deeds done on the battlefields,
As the soldiers march with the throng,
Are recorded by watching Angels near,
“Lo, he helped a comrade along!”

For in God's land—the Great Beyond,
Earth's fame and degrees are unknown;
Full oft the Private receives high rank—
While the General is last at the Throne!

FROM THE DAYS OF CAIN AND ABEL.

My heart bleeds for the sorrow of mankind. I, Gabriel, am saddened. The Lord have mercy on the inhabitants of the earth and blot away the blemish from this fair world.

Mine eyes have looked on sin, sorrow, and suffering since the foundation of the world. I look backward through the ages and remember a little lad who was the idol of his parents. I watched him grow to manhood, and then I saw envy and hatred creep into his heart, and, on a certain day, anger and fierce jealousy arose within him, and he slew his younger brother, Abel!

But when Cain looked on the dead, dumb body of his brother, he was seized with remorse, and he fell upon Abel's body and cried, "O, my Brother, come back! come back! O inanimate clay, come back! I knew not that thou could'st die! O, my Brother, speak to me! I will give thee everything, my Brother! I will even be thy slave! What, my Brother, do thy still lips mean?"

Why hast thou suddenly become cold as marble? What is death? My Father and my Mother know not death! O, my Brother, we played together, and I often held thee in mine arms, for thou wert my younger Brother! And how thou did'st ever pray for me, and with thy winning smile did'st greet me! And I was always jealous of thee, and because the Most High had accepted thine offering and rejected mine—for thou wert obedient and I so disobedient to God—I arose in mine anger and slew thee! But when I struck thee I knew not that thou would'st become a piece of cold, inanimate clay! My Brother, come back! come back! Speak to me once more, my Brother!"

I, Gabriel, think of that solemn hour when Eve beheld her dead son—and knew that her first-born was a murderer! And she wept and cried to God and said, "O, Lord God that dwellest above, behold our grief! Have the sins of the parents been visited on the children? The serpent aforetime beguiled me, and now he hath beguiled Cain with jealousy! O Abel! son of my heart! come back! come back! Lord God, forgive mine erring son, Cain! Cain, whom Adam and I cherished, and whom I thought, in my mother's pride, might be the One who was to crush the serpent! What happy fancies I

wove about his infant head! And when Adam sighed and toiled, I pointed to my little Cain, and said that perhaps it might be that Cain was the Promised One! And now Cain is a murderer! O God, give back mine Abel! My babe who was always pure and holy! I, in my pride, after I had seen Cain's erring ways, thought that perhaps Abel was Thy Promised One! And now he is stiff in death! I clasp him in mine arms and he answereth not! I call him with all my mother's love, and he heareth not! I, who was so proud of my noble boy, see all my hopes dashed to the ground, and he who was my pride and joy, cold in death! And Cain is an outcast and a murderer! Lord God, have pity on my wayward child!"

The years pass, and I behold another little Child in a humble carpenter's home. A little lad who grew in grace day by day—who toiled and suffered—and when He came to manhood, helped and blessed and loved all—for He was God Incarnate in the flesh—and then He who was so pure and holy, was reviled, and scourged and crucified by His earthly brethren!

I remember the remorse of Judas Iscariot after he had betrayed his God, and he groaned, "I have sold my God for paltry silver! The love of money dazzled mine eyes! Oh! when I think

of the Last Supper! The Master knew I was ready to betray Him, but even then He gave me time to repent, when He showed me what would be the consequences of my sin and said, 'Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born!' And He looked on me with such compassionate eyes, waiting to forgive me—even at the last hour! But I would not! I hardened my heart! And He was always so kind to me! How often, if I were hungry, He would give me His food and Himself go without! But all His goodness I repaid with treachery! He, in His humility, washed my feet at that Last Supper, and I was like a serpent, ready to spring on a harmless dove! When I left His presence I scowled on Him, for money, thought I, is better than love, or kindness, or honor! I knew He would go over the brook Cedron to the garden of Gethsemane to pray in solitude away from the crowds who daily followed Him, and I made haste and went to the chief priests, and scribes, and elders, and gave them a token, saying, 'Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is He! Take Him, and lead Him away safely!' And they gave me a great multitude with swords and staves, and I came into the garden and went straightway to Jesus and said, 'Master! Master!' and I kissed Him!

“And He looked on me with such pity and said, ‘Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?’ Had He but reviled and scorned me, perhaps the pangs of conscience would not cut so deeply! But He looked on me with His divine meekness, as a lamb going to the slaughter! And He said to the multitude, ‘Whom seek ye?’ And they answered, ‘Jesus of Nazareth!’ And He answered, ‘I am He!’ And as they stood in His wonderful presence—the majestic presence of God—they went backward and fell to the ground. And He asked them again, ‘Whom seek ye?’ And they said, ‘Jesus of Nazareth!’ And He answered, ‘I have told you that I am He, if therefore ye seek Me, let these go their way!’ and He pointed to His disciples. Yea, the Master thought of their safety in the midst of His danger—and alone He went to face the bitter mob!

“And I, Judas, am worse than an outcast! worse than a murderer! And when I saw that Jesus was condemned, I brought the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, and cried, ‘Take the accursed money out of my sight! I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood!’ And they jeered, ‘What is that to us? See thou to that!’ I flung the silver at them—for it had turned to ashes and wormwood in my

sight—and I departed. Let them keep the paltry silver, I want no more of it! I am accursed! I have betrayed my God! I am lost! lost!" And Judas went and hanged himself.

And I, Gabriel, think of the anguish of Mary when she beheld Jesus on the Cross! And she cried, "O God! give back my Son, my Son! He who came for the redemption of the World! He in whom there was no guile! My spotless Lamb! He who always loved and blessed mankind! But they were ever envious of Him, and now they have murdered Him! The pride of my heart is dying! The joy of my life is gone! Yea, as Simeon said when I brought my Son as a babe to the Temple—'a sword shall pierce through thine own soul also'—hath it come to pass!

"But though He were my earthly son, yet my spirit doth tell me that I have no claim on Him—for He is the Eternal! All that I ask is the right to look on His crucified body, and to kiss the lips of the One whom I nursed in mine arms as a babe and whom I guarded through childhood! I am only the humble handmaid of the Lord! Who am I that I should have been so honored of my God! I bow before His wisdom! He is the Creator! I am only the Created! Who am I to rebuke my God! I love Him because He first loved me!"

The years pass on, and I, Gabriel, sadly behold the German nation. A land respected and honored—a land of commerce, learning and wealth. But Satan entered in—even as he had entered into Cain and Judas Iscariot, and tempted them with the kingdoms of the World, and said, “All this power will I give thee, and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will I give it. If thou, therefore, wilt worship me, all shall be thine!” And they allowed the Evil One to dwell among them, and they forsook God’s paths of peace, and love, and mercy, and followed instead the Evil One’s paths of hatred and blood. And year by year they trained their soldiers and made munitions of war secretly, in preparation for “The Day” in which they would conquer the World, and make mankind their slaves; and they set themselves up a false God—a God of hatred, of war, of murder, of treachery, and of bloodshed—and worshipped him—and forsook the Christ, spurning His commands of love, and mercy, and peace. And they had other nations as Helpers, and suddenly, when they considered their preparations complete, they made war upon the World! But God strengthened the hands of the Lands whom they would destroy, and the great Armies of the World lay in conflict—the Battle between Good and Evil. Then in Rama was

there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not. And the voices of thousands of mothers cry night and day before God, "O Lord God, who reignest above, give back! give back our sons and our daughters, the joy of our lives! Those whom we cradled in our arms as helpless babes, and whom we guided through lisping childhood—and now they have been murdered through their brothers' hatred and envy!" Yea, God shall cause the name of the once powerful German nation to be a reproach upon earth, even as the name of Cain and the name of Judas Iscariot! The Lord hath been patient and very merciful, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, but the cry of the victims of the Nation which was not satisfied with "its place under the sun" hath ascended unto God, and now the hand of the Lord is stretched forth against Germany and her Helpers until they repent. Amen.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

How proud I was of you, dear lad, when you
bravely marched away,
And whispered, "Mother, do not fret! I'll come
back to you one day!"

Through tears I smiled, "Is this my son? that
once small boy o' mine,
Who'd clasp my skirt with baby hands, and arms
around me twine!"

The home seemed strange and empty—as if joy
had fled away,
And I would sit and think of you—and for you
always pray.

When the postman brought the letters, sent by
your own dear hand,
With thankfulness I'd ask the Lord to ever with
you stand.

Soon the dreaded message came, which told me
you were no more—
That bravely you died fighting—and had passed
to the Other Shore!

Oh! the anguish of that hour—I bowed my head
in grief!

And then—my spirit found that prayer was my
one relief!

I sobbed, “Lord God, Thou knowest best! Thy
will be done—not mine!

Be with my boy and bless his soul with Thy
great love divine!”

A little rough-hewn wooden Cross marks your
quiet, distant grave,

Which says, “Here lies One who died his
Country’s life to save!”

The kindly native people bring flowers to your
resting place,

And shed tears over you—though they know not
your name or race.

Oh! how I long to see your grave—but my purse
holds coins few,

Yet my heart is filled to overflowing with golden
love for you!

And oh! the wealth of love I send across the
Ocean broad,

Finds its way right to your grave, and mounts
straight up to God!

I am here—your grave is there, in that land so
far away,
But your Spirit stands beside me, when I to our
Saviour pray!

I know that you dwell in a land of many man-
sions fair,
Though I long for you, I would not call you from
God's loving care!

Boy o' mine, I am waiting with patience till the
day
When God shall bid me meet you, and dwell with
Him for aye!

Then I will haste away—I'll need not my coins
few!
For God charges no admission—He'll bring me
straight to you!

Our Heavenly Father freely gives His priceless
gifts above—
And all that He asks from us is the golden wealth
of love!

When I pray—angels visit your grave in that
distant land,
And touch the hearts of passers-by, so that they
understand

That a mother's joy lies there, a mother's hope
and light,
Who died to save his Country from the cruel
oppressor's blight.

The robins and the linnets sing sweetly where
you rest,
And close by the nightingale has built a little
nest.

And on your grave the clover and the red
geraniums grow,
And the pansies and the daisies toss their heads
to and fro.

And I am here—and to God for you I always
pray—
For to me, you're just my little boy—as when
you marched away.

And so I think our Father feels for all who dwell
on earth—
To Him, we're just His little children—like
babes come to birth!

I will ever love and trust Him, for I know with
Him I'll stand,
And I'll greet you once more, laddie, in God's
blessed, holy land.

PRAYER FOR THOSE ON THE SEA.

LORD God of Hosts,
Be kind to these,
Our loved ones who
Are on the seas.
O calm the storm
So that it will
At Thy great Voice,
Hear "Peace be still!"

Lord, bless each one
Upon the deep,
If Thou art there,
They will not weep!
Give them Thy help
To sail their way,
With Thee their Guide,
They will not stray.

O Guiding Hand!
O God above!
Hold each one 'neath
Thy Wings of Love!

And bless all on
The ocean wave,
In danger reach
Thine Arm to save.

O God above!
All-Seeing Eye!
We pray to Thee,
For Thou art nigh!
Safely bring each
To our Home land—
So that with us
Once more they stand!

THE IRISH SENTRY.

THOUGH I'm standing here as sentry
In weather bleak and wintry,
 I care not, for my heart is far away.
As I pace up and down
In my suit of khaki brown,
 I am thinking of my home far away.

'Tis a little green isle
Which is blessed by God's smile,
 A little green isle far away.
Memory leaves the battle's roar,
And I stand on Erin's shore,
 On the little green isle far away.

There's a humble little cot,
Where the peace of God is sought,
 In the little thatched cabin far away.
Far beyond the ocean's roar,
Grows the shamrock by the door
 Of the quaint little cabin far away.

There's a dear old Irish mother,
Pink cheeks like hers has no other,
In the little green isle far away.
And when father brings my letter,
They cry, "What could be better?
For 'tis from 'the Child' far away!"

Yet it may be dear parents fond,
I'll be summoned to that land beyond,
To God's great home far away—
Then I will cross death's shining tide,
And stand with angels by your side,
Till God shall call you home one day.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

As I walked on a country road,
Singing carelessly and gay,
I saw a little blue flower,
Which to me seemed to say,

“ Oh forget me not!
Though humble is my lot,
For I'm blue—true blue,
And I do love you,
And my name is ‘ Forget-me-not!’ ”

I took the little blossom,
And held it in my hand;
It shyly looked and nodded,
Its song I could understand.

And I smiled, “ Little flower,
I've the same message as you,
For I love all my friends,
And to them I'm blue—true blue!”

Then my heart sang to God,
To His great wondrous land,
The song of the flower
Which I held in my hand.

“ Oh forget me not!
Though humble is my lot,
For I'm blue—true blue,
And I do love you,
And my name is ‘ Forget-me-not!’ ”

JERUSALEM.

THE flag of Britain proudly waves
O'er Jerusalem to-day;
It was planted there by Christian hands,
And by God's grace will stay.

The three-crossed flag of Britain
Floats now o'er Calvary's hill;
And Christian hearts throughout the world,
With holy fervor thrill.

It flutters over Bethlehem,
Where Jesus Christ was born;
And in the fields where shepherds heard
The angels' song that morn,

And Britain's new Crusaders
The Holy City tread;
And praise the Christ, the God of all,
Who brings to life the dead.

The times of prophecy foretold
By wise men and by seers,
Are clearly pointing to the day
When the Son of God appears.

For the Jews shall dwell in Zion,
And bewail no more their loss;
But they shall rest securely
'Neath the shelter of the Cross.

And under Britain's three-crossed flag,
Shall Jew and Gentile meet;
For God shall cause each soul to pray,
And kneel at Jesus' feet.

GERMANY.

I HEARD a Voice from Heaven ring o'er Earth's
stormy sea,
Which said, "O Germany! as thou hast done—
so I'll remember thee!
Thou'rt weighed in the Balance—found wanting!
The Scourge is at thy Gate!
Thou shalt be cast down and trodden—for thy
heart is seething hate!

"For years thou hast lain and hidden as a panther
in his lair—
Waiting to pounce on the World, and gorge on
each Nation there!
And when thou wert prepared—out thou didst
spring with a roar
And fasten thy teeth in thy Brother's throat, and
wallow in his gore!

"Austria—Turkey—Bulgaria—as vultures ye are
there,
Eager to rend and tear each Land, and receive
your blood-stained share!
And ye others who covertly stand, and secretly
help the Beast—
Mine is the vengeance—I shall repay—from the
greatest to the least!

“The fertile lands lie desolate with their dead
heaped on the ground;
And from the many stricken homes there comes a
mournful sound—
For hearts throughout the World are breaking in
bitter grief and pain,
Weeping for their loved ones who were by thy
treachery slain.

“Who told thee to covet the world? Not a mite
thereon dost thou own—
For I, the Lord, created the Earth, and I own it—
and I alone!
Who told thee that thou could'st crush the World
beneath thy heel,
And have mankind as slaves for thee, and thy
scorpion yoke to feel?

“Thou call'st on Me, but knowest Me not! Thou'st
set a false god in My place—
Thou dost worship the Evil One and his hate—
forsaking Me and My grace!
O Germany! Repent! Atone!—ere it will be too
late—
My hand is stretched forth against thee—the
Scourge is at thy Gate!”

THE VISION.

AROUND me I saw Battlefields, where mangled
bodies lay,
And screaming shells and bursting bombs killed
the living day by day;
Where the life blood flowed like water and soaked
into the ground,
And the tortured dumb creation moaned with a
piteous sound.

Up in the skies great aircraft fought and hurled
explosives down,
And spread death and destruction through every
land and town;
Upon the waters of the deep I heard the warships
roar,
And 'neath the seas the submarines sent death
from shore to shore.

The once bright, peaceful happy homes lay ruins
of brick and stone,
I heard the frantic mothers o'er their dying chil-
dren groan—
And in other homes which lay beyond the battle's
grim, dull roar,
I saw the broken-hearted weep for the ones who
were no more.

For the World had turned from the Christ and
spurned His counsel wise,
And the Devil with the God of Gold had blinded
all their eyes—
The fiends of Hell were then unleashed by
Satan's lust for power—
To win the World they grimly fought for the
space of a time and hour!

And on the shrieking Battlefields two mighty
Armies stood—
The Army of the Evil One, and the Army of the
Good;
And on the waters of the deep the stern clad
Navies lay,
Belching forth flame and smoke in the great and
desperate fray.

The Army of the Good unfurled the Cross of
Jesus bright,
And eagerly they fought to defend the cause of
Right,
And cried, "Forgive! though oft we've erred and
from Thee gone astray!
Lord! be our constant Guide and Help in these
roaring fires we pray!"

And they bravely sang, " Comrades! though life
for us is sweet,
Better far to lose it—and find it at God's Judg-
ment Seat!
Better to fight for Jesus, and win an immortal
Crown,
Than to save this life and lose it—and be cast
with the Devil down!

" For we know that all must die—comes the Sum-
mons soon or late,
Each soul must leave the World and pass through
Death's wide gate!
Better to face our Saviour and stand in His
Presence bright,
And say, ' Lord God we fought for Thee against
the Demons of Night! ' "

The sins of the World as mountains ascended to
God on high,
Many on earth reviled Him—few cared for the
Presence nigh!
And Jehovah said, " I am saddened by the World's
great unbelief,
Misery reigns over the Earth—for sin brings
nought but grief!

“ But yet in the midst of the turmoil, I still re-
joice to see
The Souls who uphold My Banner of Truth and
Democracy!
Pride I hate, drink I hate, wantonness, blas-
phemy—all!
These have swarmed over the Earth and boast-
ingly mocked My Call!

“And in these cleansing fires of War which sweep
o’er all the Earth,
The World travails in great pain to bring forth
Liberty’s birth!
Even as a Woman suffers that she may give new
life—
So the World groans in anguish to cast out Sin
and Strife!

“Through sorrow and pain comes gladness—
after the storm, the sun!
After grief, the awakening—and the thought of
the Life to come!
After Death—Resurrection—whether for good
or ill,
Now is the time of choosing—to hate or obey My
will!”

And as the Lord ceased speaking, I beheld a
wondrous sight—

The Gates of Heaven were opened, and in the
radiant light

Came mighty Hosts of Angels in chariots of fire,
With flaming swords to save the World from the
Evil Spirit's ire!

At their head rode Jesus, the shining Lamb of
God,

And in His nail-pierced hand He held His great
chastening Rod—

Those who had mocked and scorned Him fled in
terror and in fear,

But those who ever loved Him rejoiced that He
was near!

Then desolation vanished—I saw the Dawn of
Day—

The King of Kings appearing the Victor of the
fray!

The Hordes of Sin He trampled and crushed
them 'neath His heel—

The wrath of the Eternal He made them all to
feel.

Hosts of white-robed Angels descended to the
Earth,

And tenderly they blessed the Souls who were
spared for the New Birth;

All the dumb creation praised their Maker in
that hour,
And bowed their heads in reverence to His
majesty and power.

And in that righteous Judgment, where countless
millions stood,
The Angels sang the chorus, "Lord God, Thy
ways are good!"
And patiently He judged the Souls who fought
'gainst Him on the Earth,
And sadly—He cast them forth from His won-
drous great New Birth.

The dead in Christ walked on the Earth in shin-
ing robes of white—
The glorious Redeemed who had passed from
Earth's dark night;
The land was filled with brightness, the glory of
God's grace,
And love and gladness shone on each transfigured
face.

The children of the East came with palms in their
hands,
The children of the West, and South, and North,
from all the lands—

The white, the black, the brown, the red, the yellow came to God—

All races bowed before Him from out the Earth so broad.

And God the Father gently said, “Rejoice each chosen one!

Each soul that loved and trusted Me, salvation now has won!

Death no more shall conquer and Sin no more be found—

But every heart with love and joy from henceforth shall abound!”

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

THE Day of Days is coming, when every heart
shall sing
Of the glory of the Saviour, of the beauty of the
King!
The weary and discouraged ones throughout each
land and sea,
Shall sing with glad thanksgiving, "Hail Lord,
we bow to Thee!"

The hour before Creation marked when God
should appear,
Has almost run its course of time, and now the
Lord is near!
And He shall come unheralded—suddenly on the
World,
With His great hosts of Angels and the Flag of
Truth unfurled.

Lift up ye hills and valleys! Break into glad-
some song!
For the King of Life is coming to banish every
wrong!
Oppression then shall be no more, and justice
firmly stand,
The voice of adoration shall be heard from every
land!

O then shall tyrants tremble, for Right shall
 reign secure—
With God are no distinctions between the rich
 and poor!
Pride often keeps the mighty from kneeling at
 His feet—
God has found more devotion from the beggar in
 the street!

And haughty hearts of church or state, what
 cares God for them all?
He judges each by Character—by it we rise or
 fall!
But gentle hearts and simple faith, on these the
 Lord has smiled,
He wants us all to come to Him with the heart
 of a little child!

Break forth in song ye Angels! Let all the
 Heavens ring!
And all the Souls of the Redeemed in triumph
 ever sing!
Lift up ye Everlasting Gates! Break in exulting
 song!
For Christ the Lord is coming to banish every
 wrong!







